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LIFE AND DEATH.

BY ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

"What is Life, Father?"
"A Battle, my child,
Where the strongest lance may fall,
Where the warliest eyes may be beguiled,
And the stoutest hearts may quail.
Where the foes are gathered on every hand
And rest not day or night,
And the feeble little ones must stand
In the thickest of the fight."

"What is death, Father?"
"The rest, my child,
When the strife and the toil are o'er;
The Angel of God, who, calm and mild,
Says we need fight no more;
Who, driving away the demon band,
Bids the din of the battle cease;
Takes banner and spear from our failing hand,
And proclaims an eternal Peace."

"Let me die, Father! I tremble and fear
To yield in that terrible strife!"
"The crown must be won for Heaven, dear,
In the battle-field of life.
My child, though thy foes are strong and tried,
He loveth the weak and small;
The Angels of Heaven are on thy side,
And God is over all!"

"SHIP AHOY!"

A Story of Land and Sea.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW JOHN ANDERSON USED HIS REVOLVER.

It was a change that was almost startling—dramatic even; for it was as though so much canvas, storm-painted, had been drawn aside to display a calm.

But though the foam had to a great extent disappeared, there was a heavy swell on the water: and the state of the ship, as the men crept from their shelter, was pitiable: sails in rags, cordage hanging broken from mast and yard, and bulwarks splintered.

"Now, my lads, up aloft!" cried Anderson, cheerily.

"Knot and splice there, while we get up spare sails."

About half the men, with their knives ready, ran at once up the shrouds, where they began to cut adrift the ragged canvas; while the others set to knotting snapped cordage, and arranging the deck lumber that had broken loose.

"Go below yourself, and sound the well," whispered Anderson to Basalt.

The words were meant for his ear alone, but they were heard by one of the sailors, who followed him closely, with a strange, suspicious look.

Basalt was not gone many minutes. He came back very slowly and quietly; and before he was half-way to Anderson he stopped short, and putting his hands to his mouth he shouted—

"Ahoy! there, you at the maintop-gallant. We'll have that spar down and fish it. I can see it's sprung from down here." Then he continued his way to where Anderson was anxiously waiting him, and whispered hastily—"Ten foot o' water—gaining fast—leaking like a sieve."

The words were hardly out of his lips before the man who had overheard Anderson's order, and had been below on his own account, came on deck and shouted, in a panic-breeding yell—

"Boats out, lads—she's sinking fast!"

Then a half-smothered cry of terror ran through the men, as from all parts they made for the deck, running down, sliding down stay and sheet, and each aiming for one or other of the boats.

Some saw to the oars, some sought for water; and some, again, made for the cabin, to get biscuit and spirits.

"Stop, there!" cried John Anderson, in a voice of thunder. "Every man stand aside!"

There was a low ominous growl; but not a man ceased his busy work about the boats.

"Do you hear?" cried Anderson, furiously. "Leave those boats, and all hands to the pumps!"

Not a man stirred; and, in his rage, Anderson seized the nearest, and dashed him against his fellows.

But it had no effect: a panic had seized the men, and they still busied themselves about the boats.

"Basalt, my revolver," cried Anderson, fiercely. "Am I captain of the ship, or am I not?"

"To be sure you are, so long as she is a ship," cried a man, tauntingly; "but there won't be a plank soon."

The next moment he was rolling on deck; struck down by one tremendous blow. Anderson forced himself to the nearest davit, and seized the tackle.

"Back, men—to the pumps!" he cried. "The ship shall not be forsaken."

"Go and pump yourself," cried another man.

"Come on, lads. She's sinking, and our only chance is the boats."

The men uttered a howl of rage, and pressed on Anderson, so that in another minute he would have been helpless, when, with a blow from a marlinspike, right and left, Jeremiah Basalt opened a way for himself, and the next moment John Anderson was facing the men, with a revolver presented at the nearest mutineer's head.

The men involuntarily fell back, leaving captain and mate side by side by the ragged bulwarks.

"Look here, my lads," said Anderson: "I am captain here. I have charge of this ship and her valuable cargo, and she shall be stuck to as long as a couple of planks hold together. There is a lot of water in the hold; but we'll pump her dry, and then go on again."

"She'll sink in half an hour," cried a voice—that of the man who had sounded the well on his own account.

"Cowards!" cried Anderson. "Can you not trust your captain?"

"No," cried the same voice. "Down with him, lads; he trapped us into this old sieve."

"Get out the boats," cried another.

"Stand aside," cried others.

And the men pressed upon the pair; but with a flourish of his marlinspike Basalt drove them back.

"Look here, my lads," cried Anderson, "we're wasting time.

"Get to the pumps and work; and I tell you once for all that as soon as there's danger we'll take to the boats; but like men, not like a set of cowardly, beaten hounds!"

"The boats—the boats!" shouted the men.

"Back, scoundrels!" roared Anderson. "I tell you there is no danger yet. Do you think we don't value our lives as well as you do yours? This ship, with a valuable cargo, is in my charge, and I will not have her left without an effort to save her."

"The boats—the boats—rush him!" shrieked the men, half insane with their coward fears.

Basalt made an effort to beat them back; but they knocked him down, and were rushing at Anderson, when, by an adroit leap, he reached the boat swinging from the iron davits, and presented his revolver.

"Back, you scoundrels!" he roared. "Every man to his duty. By the God who made me, I'll send a bullet through the first man who touches the falls!"

"Come on, lads—he daren't," cried the sailor.

"He helped to decoy us into the rotten old tub, and he don't stay us now."

The man stepped forward.

"Another step and I fire!" cried Anderson.

"He daren't. Come on, lads, it's for life!" cried the sailor.

He dashed at the ropes, and the others gave a hearty cheer, and followed his example.

Crash!

There was a flash of flame from John Anderson's pistol, as he stood there in the boat; a wild shriek; the sailor who had been ringleader in the mutiny leaped up in the air, and fell with a groan upon the deck, where he lay motionless, with his comrades looking on aghast.

"One shot!" said Anderson. "I have five more, and they shall all tell!"

The men shrank back shivering from the deadly weapon without a word, and Anderson leaped from the boat.

"Now to the pumps, every man!" he cried.

And the fellows cheered, and ran to the handles, which were the next minute clanking furiously, and flooding the deck with water, which streamed down the scuppers.

"Is he much hurt?" said Anderson anxiously.

"Thigh broke," said Basalt, quietly.

Then he ran down to the cabin, and brought up a pillow, which he laid under the man's head. After which, Anderson and Basalt bound and bandaged the poor wretch's leg, before superintending the pumping now going on briskly.

Keeping watch on deck, Anderson now sent Basalt below again, but he returned with the ominous words—

"Eleven foot. Making water fast!"

* * * * * *

"Making water fast!"

Jeremiah Basalt said the words in a low tone of voice, but without moving a muscle. As far as his face was concerned, the news might have been of the simplest nature.

John Anderson did not speak for a moment, he only stooped and held a flask to the wounded man's lips, for the poor wretch was faint. Then he rose, and said—

"Go down again, and see if you can make anything out—whether a plank has started, or the seams opened."

Basalt was busy hewing a piece of tobacco from his cake; this he finished, before nodding and going again below.

He was not down long, and returned to the deck to find Anderson, with sleeves rolled up, pumping with the men, and cheering them on.

He crossed to where Basalt stood.

"Well?"

"Plank started, and you can hear the water pouring in."

"Two men here!" cried Anderson. "Now, Basalt, look alive with that spare mainsail."

In less time than could have been supposed, the four men had hauled on deck the great spare canvas—not to find it of new, clean material, but old, patched, and rotten canvas.

Anderson's brow knit more closely as, dragging at the sail, the rotten canvas gave way, making a large rent at the side; but there were no other holes, and it bade fair to answer the purpose for which it was intended.

"Pump away there!" shouted Anderson. "We'll soon ease you."

The men cheered again, and the water poured faster than ever from the scuppers, as captain and mate fastened on ropes to the four corners, and made ready for what seemed their only hope.

At first the men had looked on wonderingly; but now they saw the object in view they cheered more heartily than ever, for John Anderson, climbing over the side and making his way forward, passed the ropes that held the lower corners of the sail under the bobstay, and then, partly aided by the ship's progress through the water, they hauled and hauled till the great sheet of canvas was drawn down below the water, and applied like a great plaster to the ship's side where the plank was started—the pressure of the water holding it against the hull.

"Now," said Anderson, as he stood making fast the last rope, "down below, and see how matters are."

Basalt was gone longer this time, to return and say, in a loud voice—

"Can't hear it pouring in now." Then he added, in a tone only meant to reach the captain, "Making water fast as ever."

"Pump away, my lads," cried Anderson, cheerily, and he handed the revolver to Basalt—"I'll bring you some grog."

The men cheered again; and in a few minutes Anderson returned with some spirits, which he made one of the men serve out while he took his place at the pump. Then while the men were pumping away with full energy, he went down below himself, to find that, though the sail had to some extent checked the inrush of the water, yet it was still steadily rising, flowing in through the seams which had opened with the heavy working of the vessel; and before he had been below five minutes he knew that it was impossible to save her.

"Well," said Basalt, drily, as he returned the revolver, "what do you think now of Rutherbys?"

"Don't speak to me now, please," said Anderson, in a choking voice. "I've joined in as murderous and cruel a deed as ever was perpetrated, and look at that poor fellow there."

"Deserved it," said Basalt, laconically. "Served him right. I only wish it had been one of the partners."

"Basalt," said Anderson, in a low voice, "if it comes to the worst you must forgive me for this."

"There, get out; talk like that. It aint come to the worst yet."

The momentary gloom that had come over Anderson now seemed to have passed away, and he was all life again, as he shouted to the men, so as to be heard over the clanking of the pumps—

"Look here, my lads; while there's a chance of saving the ship we'll stick to her like men."

"Hear, hear!" roared some of the fellows who had been most forward in trying to get away.

"While the weather holds good we can keep the water down, and we are right in the track of ships to get help."

"Hooray!" roared the men again.

"But, look here," continued Anderson. "I want you to act like men, and do your duty; but I don't want you to run any risks; so while you stick to the pumps, we two will get water, compass, and stores in the boats, so that we can go at a moment's notice."

"Hooray!" cheered the men again, and the water bubbled and flashed from the ship's side; though all the same it rose darkly, silently, and surely in the hold, as Basalt found when he once more sounded the well.

Anderson was down on one knee, arranging the pillow of the wounded man, when Basalt whispered his bad news.

The moment before the sailor had lain still, with eyes closed and pallid face, apparently insensible, while Anderson wore an aspect of sad commiseration; but the man heard Basalt's announcement, and opening his eyes wide, with horror in every feature, he uttered a wild yell, and shrieked out—

"Run for the boats, my lads—she's going down!"

At the same moment, he turned on one side, and struck at Anderson with an open knife, which he had held ready in his jersey sleeve.

Anderson's quick action saved him; for leaping up to meet the effect that he knew the words would produce upon the men, the knife, instead of being buried to the

half in his side, made a long, ugly, gash down his leg, from which the blood spurted to stream down upon the white deck at every step he took.

"Curse you! If you warn't hurt—" roared Basalt, as he wrested the knife from the treacherous scoundrel's hand, hurling it overboard almost with the same movement, and making as if to dash his closed fist in the man's face.

"Why, it oughter ha' been eighteen inches higher with you, that it ought."

Then he turned to help Anderson, who had started forward to confront the men, pistol in hand, once more.

For at the cry of the wounded man they had left the pumps, and rushed once more for the boats, but only to back slowly, as Anderson literally drove them to their work with the pointed revolver.

"I told you, when there was danger of her going down we'd take to the boats," he said, sternly, through his clenched teeth; and he pressed them back, leaving a track in blood upon the deck as he did so, till once more "clank—clank, clank—clank!" the pumps were going again, and the water foaming and flashing down into the sea.

"Quick—tie my handkerchief tightly round there," said Anderson; and Basalt bound up the wound, but with his own handkerchief, which he held ready.

"Now for some biscuit, and a beaker of water in each boat."

Basalt worked with a will; but of the two boats left, one was so hopelessly stove in that it was useless to think of getting her afloat.

He directed all his efforts, then, to the other, and worked alone; for John Anderson stood sentry with his revolver, pale as ashes, and evidently faint with his terrible wound.

Water, biscuit, compass, some pork, the sail, a coil of small rope, and lastly, some fishing lines—all were stowed in a quiet, methodical way in the boat by Basalt, who stood thinking for a moment.

"More water," he said, gruffly; and proceeded to get another small beaker, which he stowed forward before coming back to think again.

"Chart," he said next, in the same tone; and fetched one from the cabin, to roll it lightly, and place it in a tin case.

Then he had another thoughtful survey of his preparations.

"'Nother bag o' biscuit," he said; and this he stowed away.

At last all seemed ready, and he stood slowly counting the men pumping, and then making calculations apparently about the boat.

"What is it, Basalt?" said Anderson, at last; for the old man stood growling and grumbling at his side.

"Why, I've reckoned upevery way I can, and two 'll have to stop aboard!"

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW JOHN ANDERSON WAS LEFT BEHIND.

THERE was no mistaking the effect of the sail hauled down beneath the vessel's bows, but that only stayed one place.

"Lor' bless you!" said Basalt, "she's pitted all over with a regular small-pox of holes, and the water's coming in at every seam.

"It's no more'n I 'spected, my lad. She only wanted a bit of a shaking, same as our storm give us, to make her open all over like a sieve, fill and sink; and that's just what the owner wanted."

"No, no, Basalt," said Anderson, sadly.

"Ah! you may say no, no, my lad: but you think yes, yes. Yah! it's all plain enough. If they'd wanted her to be anything better than a coffin for the poor helpless sailors as navigated her, why didn't they see that she had ropes that weren't rotten, sails that weren't tinder, seams that weren't like doors, and timbers that weren't worm-eaten? Why, she's as full of devils as them there pigs that ran down the steep place into the sea, and perished in the waters.

"Why, my lad, half the bolts in her hull are sham ones—devils, as the shipbuilders call 'em—just running an inch or two into the plank, instead of right through to hold her together.

"Copper-fastened, A 1 at Lloyd's! Lord's truth! I wouldn't mind a pin if it warn't for one thing."

"What's that?" said Anderson.

"Why, them there beautiful owners aint aboard," said Basalt, savagely.

"There, my lad, I do think, if that smooth-tongued vagabond who wanted me to get our old Merry May lads aboard the rotten old hulk, cuss him! was only here, I could just take a fresh bit of 'bacco and go to the bottom like a man. No, I couldn't," he added, quickly—"I could a time back; but now, my lad, there's a something that seems to draw me towards where there's the best woman in all the world, down on her knees in her own room a-praying of God, to bring some one safe back again, and that some one is me. Now, my lad, it's a nice thing to feel—that somebody wants you back home again; it curls round your heart and makes you say, 'No, blame me if I do, I won't die a bit.'"

And all this time the pumps went on "clank, clank, clank," till it seemed that they had obtained the mastery over the water.

The vessel was low down; but the water did not rise now, and Anderson let half the men lie down, and eat and drink, while the others pumped on.

It was a weary time, though. They had to watch, Anderson and Basalt, revolver ready; for they could not trust the men, and they knew that if they could once get the upper hand discipline was then gone for ever.

One, two, three weary days passed, with the sea a dead calm.

Not a breath of air ruffled the surface of the long, low swell that softly heaved and lowered the Victrix; and all that time John Anderson knew that he had done his best, and that the case of the ship was hopeless. But still he clung to her; she was entrusted to him as captain, and he had his duty to do.

That the owners were scoundrels, and held in no more account the lives of her crew than that of the rats that swarmed in the hold, was nothing to him; he had engaged to navigate the ship, and do it he would to the very end.

At last a breeze sprang up, and John Anderson felt that the end had come.

The men were wearied out with pumping and could do no more.

There was no more sail on the vessel than was absolutely necessary for making her obey her helm; and yet as she heaved, and began to roll, the water rose rapidly, and the men dropped the pump handles in despair.

"It ain't no good, sir," they said, in a chorus; "we've done our best now, and it's time to take to the boat."

"Yes, she's going down now," cried one of the men. Then in an agony of dread, he shrieked out, "No, no—don't shoot, sir, don't shoot!"

"I'm not going to shoot, my lad," said Anderson, quietly.

"I wanted you all to do your duty to the owners, and I've made you do it. Now the game's up, and we must save ourselves."

"Hooray! yes, the boat!" shouted the men, with a cheer.

"Stop!" roared Anderson. "Don't spoil all now.

"She'll float for an hour yet; so don't rush in that mad fashion."

The men had been running to secure places, with poor fallen man's selfishness uppermost; but, though no pistol was displayed, they listened to the voice that had so often enforced discipline, and quietly took their posts in the boat as it was lowered Basalt going first on being told, and ordering each man to his place till the boat was full, and there was no one left on deck but John Anderson and the wounded sailor.

It was just sunset as the last man passed over the side, and the boat, kept off by a hitcher, rose and fell with the increasing sea.

As the last man slid down a rope and dropped in, he was greeted with a murmur, for the boat was already overloaded to danger pitch.

"We can't take no more," growled the men. "Come on, captain."

"Stop, make room there," shouted Anderson; "here's Morris."

And he made ready to haul on the rope which was to lower the wounded man into the boat.

"No, no, no, no!" roared the crew. "We can't have him; he's sure to die. Come on captain, and leave him."

John Anderson's answer was to haul at the rope, and the next moment he was lowering down, by means of a block and fall, the man who had made an attempt upon his life.

"Well," roared one of the men, "you can see for yourself. If you lower him down there won't be room for you too."

"I know it," said Anderson softly to himself.

"Look here, my lads," said the same voice; "we can't leave the cap. He's a tartar; but he didn't do more than his duty."

"But we can't take him and this chap too," cried the others.

The sun set as if at one bound, and night was already stealing fast over the waters. Great soft puffs of wind came, as it to announce, like stragglers that they were, that a breeze was coming on in force, and the sea began to leap and foam beneath the ship's counter.

"Look here, cap'n," shouted the same voice again—"haul on again, and have him out, and come down. We can't hold on much longer."

John Anderson did not answer; but it was a bitter struggle.

Spite of all, the love of life was strong within him, and it required a tremendous effort to stay himself from leaping down into the boat—barely seen in the fast gathering darkness; for in spite of the difficulty one man still held on to the chains with a boat-hook.

It was evident that there were two parties in the boat—one for pulling off as they were, and the other for getting the captain aboard; and at last the dispute rose high.

Then darkness fell; the breeze sprang up as if by magic, and as the Victrix rolled heavily, and then surged through the water the boat fell off, and John Anderson felt that he was in the midst of the wide sea, standing upon a floating coffin, that before long—perhaps in a minute's time—would sink beneath his feet; and then?

CHAPTER XV.

HOW JEREMIAH BASALT TURNED UP A TRUMP.

NIGHT had fallen black as pitch, and the wind sang through the cordage, as John Anderson stood listening attentively, and trying to pierce the obscurity for one more last look at the boat; but though he peered through his hands, held telescope fashion, he could see nothing, and he turned away at last, to utter aloud the one word——

"Gone!"

"Well, and what could you expect?" said a gruff voice at his elbow.

"Basalt!"

"My lad!"

Choking with emotion, John Anderson caught the rugged old salt by both hands, too much moved to speak.

"I know what you thought," growled the old fellow, but very huskily; "you thought I'd gone wi' 'em. Just like you! But I hadn't."

John Anderson could not speak, for he was weak with loss of blood and anxiety. He sank down on the deck, and sat there in silence, holding Basalt's hand in his; while the wind sang above them, the water hissed and gurgled, and washed round the vessel's bows, and at last the stars peeped out one by one, as if looking down upon the perils of those two true-hearted men, brave as any of the heroes of old, sitting upon the deck and waiting for the hour when their last hold on life should sink from beneath their feet.

The breeze blew freshly as the night advanced, and at times a wave leaped over the sides, to deluge the deck; for the ship was very low now, and as she heeled over, the water could be heard rushing from side to side, and threatening each moment to burst up the deck.

Quite two hours must have passed, and still the two occupants of the ship sat as if stunned with their misfortune.

At last a fair-sized wave rose slowly by the side of the rolling vessel, and, without effort, seemed to heave itself aboard, sweeping coops, ropes, all before it, till it rushed out of the opening in the bulwarks left by the storm.

This was too much for Basalt, and seemed to rouse him from his lethargy.

"Look ye here," he growled; "if we are to die we may as well die ship-shape, with the wind well abeam, and not go down yawning about, and rolling in the hollow of the sea, without a man at the wheel."

Anderson did not speak; but rose slowly and painfully, to lean with one arm upon the bulwark.

"Let's have a look at that wownd," said Basalt.

"Ugly cut!" he muttered, as, in the dim starlight, he stooped down and rebound it—tenderly as might a woman—before helping his companion up by the wheel, where he spread a tarpaulin for him to lie upon, before taking hold of the spokes in a quiet matter-of-fact way, and bringing the rudder to bear with such effect that in a few moments, water-logged as she was, the ship slowly answered her helm, the rolling motion ceased, and heeling over a little under the three sails set, and she moved gently through the water.

"You see," said Basalt, after a pause, "I thought we should have been at the bottom before this, or else I should have been here asleep.

"Anyhow, we'll go down now like sailors, and that will be some relief."

Another hour passed almost in silence, with the vessel slowly making way. Basalt managed the helm so that, low as the Victrix was in the water, the waves ceased to leap aboard, and only seemed to lick the sides as if in anticipation of the coming feast.

"Well, you know," cried Basalt at last, in a pettish, impatient voice, "I can't stand much more of this, for it's neither one thing nor the other. If we're going down, let's go down; and if not let's float.

"Don't murmur, Jerry," said Anderson, quietly.

"We ought to be thankful that we have been spared so long."

"But I hate being humbugged," cried the old man.

"Here, I come aboard thinking we were going to sink with all colors flying—romantic-like, after the fashion as you reads of in books.

"I thought we were going down directly, and that's hours ago.

"Only that I thought as it was all over, I should have tried to dodge something to get us clear.

"I waited patiently like a man; but now I ain't wait no longer, for it's just come to me like, that one ain't no call to die till one's reg'lar obliged. So here goes."

These words seemed to rouse Anderson.

"Let me try to hold the wheel," he said, getting up and taking the spokes.

"Good for you," cried Basalt. "That's cheery. Keep her just steady like that, and she may hold out till morning."

Then, with the greatest of alacrity, the old fellow set to work.

First he brought some biscuit and rum to Anderson, stood over him holding the wheel while he took some refreshment.

"That's right," he said, "you'll hold out better. Keep her steady: for if another sea comes aboard, it'll be the last."

The next minute he was gone; and soon Anderson saw him moving about with a lantern, which he set down now here, now there, in in different parts of the deck.

Then there was the rolling about of casks, the dragging here and there of hencoops and gratings.

Then Basalt would trot to the wheel, to have a few words with Anderson, begging him every time to "handle her softly;" for as each hour glided slowly by, the desire for life grew stronger in both men, stunned and ready for death as they had been the evening before.

At last there was a broad belt of light in the east, then a flash of orange shafts, and a few minutes after the sun rolled up above the purple water, turning the vessel into gold and showing Jeremiah Basalt, with the sweat pouring off his face, lashing and binding spars and coops to four empty casks, and improvising a raft that bade fair to float for an unlimited time in any calm sea.

"Handle her softly!" he cried to Anderson. "If she'll only keep up another hour I'll be ready for her."

He spoke as he ran to and fro—his last effort being to drag a couple of gratings on to the top of his raft, and secure them there with lashings.

There were oars and a spare boat-hook, mast and sail, coils of small sheets already on the raft; 'and, by almost superhuman efforts, he had built up in the centre an edifice composed of a couple of breakers, or small fresh-water casks, a pork cask, and some bags of biscuit.

The next hour was spent in adding security to the rough affair by means of fresh lashings, which Basalt added wherever he thought they would have good effect.

"There!" he cried, at last. "That's as rough an attempt at a raft as ever Robinson Crusoe made; and if I could have three wishes now, the first would be for his uninhabited island to heave in sight."

As he spoke he shaded his eyes with his rough hand, and swept the offing.

Then, as if he had not ceased speaking he continued—

"But, as it don't seem disposed so to do, why, here goes for a launch."

Armed with a bit of rope, he ran to Anderson, and then, with a few dexterous twists, he lashed the helm fast, and then handed the rum bottle.

"Take one swig, my lad—it'll give you strength. That's right. Now a taste for Number One. And now come and haul a pound with me."

A few strokes from an axe cleared away the rough projecting fragments of the bulwark, where the sea had beaten them out, leaving a broad opening just opposite the raft, and the water was not above five feet below.

"Now then with a will," said Basalt handing a capstan bar to Anderson to use for a lever.

And between them they prised and prised, till they had the raft partly hanging over the side.

"Let's make fast a painter," said Basalt.

This he did, and then stood thinking a moment.

"'Bacco and grog!" he cried, and ran down to the captain's cabin, to return in a minute with a case of spirits and a couple of boxes of cigars.

These he had no sooner stowed in a cask than he seized the capstan bar again.

"Quick, my lad—quick—heave."

It was time, for a loud hissing sound of escaping air told them that the water was rushing faster into the vessel.

"Heave—heave!" cried Basalt again.

And they forced the raft a few inches farther over the side, where it seemed to catch against something and stick.

"Good Heavens, we shall go down with her!"

Another heave, and another, and then Anderson's bar snapped in two, just as the ship gave a lurch, and the confined air below shrieked again. But Anderson stooped down, thrust his hands below the raft, and lifted with what little remaining strength he had.

That little lift did it; and the unwieldy mass overbalanced, and fell into the sea with a heavy splash; was half-submerged, but righted again; and at one and the same moment the confined air, forced into a smaller and smaller compass below by the rushing water, literally blew up the deck of the vessel with a loud crash.

"Over with you!" roared Basalt.

"Jump."

And together the men leaped on to the frail raft, which rocked and threatened to capsize with the sudden weight thrown upon it.

But it righted slowly, and floated bravely although those who freighted it though not of this, but of their peril; for, though launched upon their raft, they were close alongside of the sinking ship, and Basalt had let fall his knife between the spars beneath his feet.

A few seconds would have decided their fate; but John Anderson saw the danger. His knife was out in an instant, and the rope that held them to the ship was divided. The cut had also set free a couple of oars lashed to the side for safety; and with these they paddled and rowed with all their might to get the raft beyond the vortex of the sinking ship.

"Pull—for God's sake, pull!" shrieked Basalt. "We can't die now—we can't die now!"

But all seemed vain; for the great vessel, close to which they lay, now seemed to give a shudder as she rolled over, first on one side and then on the other, preparatory to making a plunge which would cause such a whirlpool as must suck down the raft beyond all possibility of redemption.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOW SERPENTS CRAWL.

PHILIP MERRITT came regularly to sit and talk, nominally with Mr. Halley; but necessarily his encounters with May were very frequent, and he probably, from reasons of policy, forbore to make any ostentatious display of his claims. It was an understood thing that he was engaged to her, otherwise he might have been an ordinary visitor.

"Wait a bit, my scornful beauty," he muttered to himself more than once, as he left the house—"I'll bring you to your senses yet."

For he found poor May very bad company; in fact, she had hard work to keep broaching the subject that lay next her heart.

Young and generous, she found it hard to believe the tales she had heard of her betrothed's dealings, for they seemed more associated with the character of the ruffian than with that of the polished gentleman.

It was the evening of the long discussion between Mr. Halley and his clerk, and the former had returned to Canonbury, looking pale and anxious.

He had had a long business interview with Morritt and Mr. Longdale, and had invited the two gentlemen to dine with him, sending up word by a messenger.

May was dressed and waiting when he came, ready to question him about his troubled aspect; but he put aside her queries, went up to dress, and on descending gave a slight start as he caught sight of his child's attire.

For May was dressed in white, and in place of flowers wore at her breast a black crape bow, which stood out marked and very singular.

For a moment the eyes of father and daughter met, and a slight shiver passed through the former as he placed his own interpretations upon the mark; but no word was uttered, and a moment after Philip Merritt was announced, to come forward subdued and gentlemanly. He saluted May in a quiet, unobtrusive way; started visibly as he caught sight of the crape; and then, after a few remarks on current topics, turned to talk with Mr. Halley, just as Mr. Longdale was announced, to enter bland and smiling, exhibiting so much smooth surface that it seemed as if all the genuine man had been polished away.

The dinner was announced, and Mr. Longdale took down May.

He too, glanced at the crape bow; and, urged at length by curiosity beyond his customary caution, he hazarded the sorrowful question—

"I trust Miss Halley, that you have sustained no family bereavement? I had not heard—"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

White Rosebuds.

BY HENRY SELBY.

SHE stood a little apart from the merry laughing group gathered around the fire, who were busily engaged in looking over the morning mail.

"Here, Rose, I know this is a valentine; oh, what a dainty missive! So sweet," sang out Jessie De Vere, extending the snowy envelope towards her.

She started with surprise.

Who in all the wide world would care to send her a valentine? and with cheeks tinged with an unusual color, she took the missive and glanced at the superscription.

A strong, easy, graceful hand, entirely unknown to her.

And, while Jessie and May De Vere regarded her in amused surprise, she thrust it in her pocket and went to her own room.

"Rose is so sensitive, and so queer. Who could have sent her a valentine?" mused Jessie. "Papa, do you know?" turning to the invalid who sat leaning back in his chair, with pain-marked brow, yet in whose gentle, loving eyes beamed an amused light as he watched his pretty daughters, eagerly tearing open their valentines and laughing over the silly sentimental verses which they unhesitatingly read aloud, for papa was their confidant in all things.

But papa shook his head.

This quiet, reserved foster-child, that he had rescued from the streets when his own daughters had been mere babies, and kept in his home and heart, had ever been a mystery to him, although he loved her fondly, and knew she was tenderly attached to him.

It was only a pretty little rhyme, full of love and doubt, surrounded by numberless Cupids and pierced hearts.

At the close of the verses was written, in the same bold hand as the address, the following:

"If, in your hair, you wear the white rosebuds that I will send to St. Valentine's Ball to-night, I shall know that I dare hope. My *boutonniere* will be a white rosebud; thus you can recognize your

"VALENTINE."

"How silly!" laughed Rose, softly, laying the valentine on the table, "and who could have sent it? Surely not—he would never condescend to such folly."

Yet her face flushed guiltily, and she waited eagerly for the coming of the flowers.

"Of course I won't wear them, but I should like to know who he is," for quiet, lovely Rose Conway had her own love-dreams and hopes as well as merry, mischievous Jessie and May.

* * * * * *

Some one else on this bright February morning was the recipient of a like favor.

"If you desire to know your Valentine, wear to-night a white rosebud in your coat. By a cluster of the same in my hair you will know

"YOUR VALENTINE."

"Whew! Well, upon my word, this is getting quite interesting," and Charlie Waring, the handsome young physician of C——, laughed merrily. "Now, who can it be, and where am I to get the white rosebud? Ah, Peter, what is it?"

"A package for you, doctor."

Opening it he found a bunch of lovely white rosebuds.

"The mystery increases! Too bad to disappoint her now. By Jove, it must be mischievous little Cassie West or Dora Smith, but never my stately, quiet lily, who seems to avoid me persistently."

While, as the afternoon shadows lengthened, Rose Conway was the recipient of a lovely bouquet of white roses and white rosebuds.

The color in her fair face deepened as May De Vere came suddenly in her room and exclaimed—

"Oh, what beauties! Just the thing for your hair, Rose, and will go exquisitely with that fleecy white dress. Jessie and I are to wear pink, you know. There, let me arrange a cluster for you."

And the dexterous fingers soon had them pinned among the dark braids of Rose's hair, notwithstanding her weak protest.

"How can you object? They are just the thing. Certainly Doctor Waring sent them for this purpose."

"Doctor Waring?"

"Yes—oh, I didn't mean to tell, only cousin Tom saw him buying these very flowers at the florist's."

And with a beating heart and hot cheeks, Rose was borne off to the ball with the white rosebuds pinned securely in her hair, and in the crush and glamor of light and color it was some time before she dared raise her shy eyes in search of her valentine.

When she did look up she started guiltily for near her, conversing with May, and regarding her with an amused happy light in his usually grave eyes stood Dr. Waring.

A lovely white rosebud nestling among its green leaves graced the lapel of his long coat.

She heard May's gay chatter and his low answers, but soon May was borne off by some one for the dance and they were left together.

"It is so warm here, would you not like a promenade on the veranda?"

And there under the auspices of old St. Valentine's smile, the sweet old story was told and answered, and the betrothal kiss received.

That night, when the ball was over, and Dr. Waring ushered them into their own bright drawing-room, May De Vere, regarding their guilty countenances in delight, lay back on the sofa and gave way to a wild burst of laughter.

"What is it, May?" questioned the doctor curiously.

"Oh, oh!" she gasped; "I'm a first-rate matchmaker, especially when assisted by cousin Tom. I knew you two would never come to an understanding, and therefore resolved to assist. And oh, Tom, didn't we do it splendidly? What exquisite rosebuds you did select. I came near dying when I pinned them in Rose's hair. How she did blush," and again her merry laughter pealed out.

Rose glanced at her handsome betrothed in painful embarrassment, but he, understanding the entire plot, joined in the laugh.

"Many, many thanks, dear May. Really you have accomplished wonders. Old St. Valentine has proved himself most kind."

"So he has," exclaimed cousin Tom, exultingly, putting both arms around May and boldly kissing her red mouth in their very presence.

"Ah, so there is more than one devotee it seems," said Doctor Waring, noticing May's bright eyes and crimson cheeks.

And before the June roses opened there were two weddings, and Jessie laughed as she remarked—

"It is well I was sensible enough to withstand St. Valentine's wiles, otherwise what would papa have done?"

STRIKING A LIGHT.—Fifty years ago every well-regulated family was provided with a tin box of tinder, produced by the combustion of rags, and a flint and steel and matches which had been dipped into brimstone. When fire was wanted the flint and steel and tinder were produced, and the tinder being ignited by sparks precipitated from the steel by means of the flint, a match was touched to the burning mass, and being applied to some prepared kindling, and a fire thus produced, the whole process occupying from five to fifteen minutes, according to the skill or luck of the operator. This was attended with so much labor, and productive, at times, of so many angry words on the part of the person operating, that fires were generally kept all night. This was done—there were few stoves and hard coal had not come into general use then—by covering the huge and blazing back-log in the fireplace with ashes, and in the morning there was generally found in its place a bed of live coals, which, by the application of fresh wood, and with the aid of the then universal bellows, usually produced a blazing fire in from fifteen minutes to half an hour. Sometimes, however, from some cause, the back-log would be wholly consumed, leaving nothing but a bed of ashes. In this case, particularly if there was an absence of dry kindling in the house, some member of the family must take the shovel, and oftentimes, through snow knee-deep, trudge to the nearest neighbor's "after fire." And sometimes, indeed, the nearest neighbor's fire would be out too, in which case the walk would have to be extended, the fire was procured. The live coals were borne home upon the shovel, often carefully guarded with the hand to prevent blowing off, placed between two brands, the bellows set vigorously at work, and the fire thus set ablazing. In lighting a candle, a live coal was taken up with a pair of tongs and blown upon with the mouth until a blaze was produced. Pipes were lighted by placing a live coal on top of the tobacco, and cigars by holding the burning coal to the end and puffing with all one's might. The first improvement on this in New England was the substitution of a bottle of phosphorus, into which, the cork being removed, a brimstone match was thrust, and being thus ignited, the bottle was quickly closed in order to retain the strength of the liquid. This invention was known by the name of "loco foco matches." Directly, however, there was another invention that left the phosphorus bottle as much in the shade as the other had the flint and steel. This was the application of a preparation of phosphorus and brimstone to the tips of matches, which only required to be drawn between the folded leaves of a piece of sand-paper to produce a light. These were soon universally adopted, and were known as "Lucifer matches."

SOME COMETS.

THE comet of 1006 is conceived on good grounds to have been identical with that of 1682. Its first recorded appearance was thus immediately prior to the Danish invasion of England, and during the declining days of the Empire of the Caliphs, the immense curved tail was in the form of a scythe. The head appeared four times as large as Venus.

The second visit, which must have been about 1082, in the reign of the Conqueror, is unrecorded; and the third and fourth, in 1155 and 1230, are merely mentioned by the annalists, without any detail. Its fifth return was in the year 1305, when the papal chair was removed to Avignon, the Swiss cantons were effecting their independence, and Edward I. tyrannizing over Scotland.

At the season of Easter, this "great and fearful star," as it was called, was perceived, but so far from raising the temperature, a supposed cemetery effect in later times, a general cold prevailed over Europe, and a severe frost in England at midsummer, destroyed the corn and fruits. History gives no particulars of its next visit in 1380, but in 1456 its appearance filled all Christendom with consternation. It passed very near to the earth, and swept the heavens with a tail extending over sixty degrees, in the form of a sword or sabre. The Turks had just become masters of Constantinople, and threatened an advance into the heart of Europe. The comet variously excited hope or fear, according as it was deemed the friend of the Crescent or the Cross.

At Constantinople, the occurrence of a coincident lunar eclipse, increased the portentousness of the event. The Pope, Calixtus III., regarded the comet as in league with the Moslems, and ordered the Ave Maria to be repeated by the faithful three times a day, instead of two. He directed the church bells to toll at noon, a custom which still prevails in Catholic countries.

At the eighth return in 1531, the New World had been discovered and the invention of printing. The comet, as then seen, was of a bright gold color. In 1607, the ninth visit, the Copernican system of astronomy had been broached, and Galileo and Kepler were laboring to establish it. The tail is described as long and thick, like a flaming lance or sword. The apparent magnitude of the head was greater than that of any of the fixed stars, or Jupiter. The tenth return brings us to the time of Newton and Halley. At the eleventh revolution in 1759, it was a pale and feeble object. In 1835, the twelfth advent, it was much more distinct. Its thirteenth return will occur in 1911.

The later apparitions of Halley's comet as it has been named, have been far less brilliant and conspicuous than its earlier exhibitions. Arago conjectures that the comets, in describing their immense orbits, disseminate in space at each revolution all the matter which, when near the perihelion is detached from the nucleus and forms the tail. It is clearly possible, therefore, that some of them may in process of time completely waste away.

Justin mentions a comet which appeared at the birth of Mithridates, and overcame the brightness of the sun by its splendor. The Cæsarian comet, two others in 1402, with one in 1532, were visible by day. The comet of 1577 was seen with the naked eye by Tycho Brahe, before sunset. On account of its brightness, and peculiar form, the comet of 1744 excited great attention and interest. It exhibited no train until within the distance of the orbit of Mars from the sun; but, early in March, it appeared with a tail divided into six branches, all diverging, but curved in the same direction.

AN INGENIOUS RASCAL.—The theatre of Ofen, in Hungary, was the scene of his debut, though this was made in a box, not on the stage. It appears that a certain Countess, well known for her riches and beauty, graced with her presence the performance at the Arena, or summer theatre. On one of her fair fingers my lady wore two splendid diamond rings, exactly like each other. During an *entr'acte* there presented himself in her box a big fellow in gorgeous livery—six feet of the finest flunkey imaginable. Quoth he, in finest Hungarian, "My mistress, Princess Blank, has sent me to beg of your ladyship the loan of one of your rings for five minutes. Her Highness has observed them from her box opposite, and is very anxious to have one made after the pattern." Without an instant's hesitation, the Countess handed a ring to "Jeames," who bowed with respectful dignity and retired. The performance over, the two great ladies met on the staircase, and the Countess begged her friend to keep the ring at her convenience. "What ring, my dear?" Denouement! Tableau! The "powdered menial" was no flunkey at all, but a thief, and the ring was gone. The police were informed of the impudent trick. Justice seemed to have overtaken the culprit in a very few strides, for next morning the Countess, whilst still *en robe-de-chambre*, received a letter informing her that the thief had been caught and the ring found on his person—"Only," added the note, "the man stoutly denies the charge and declares the ring to be his own. To clear up all doubt, pray come at once to the police station, or send the duplicate ring by bearer." To draw the second ring from the finger and entrust it joyfully to the messenger—a fine fellow in full police uniform, together with a handsome "tip," for the glorious news, was the work of a moment. Only when my lady an hour later betook herself radiant to the police station to recover her jewels, a slight mistake came to light. "Well, my ring?" I could not come myself the instant I got your letter." "What letter, madame?" Denouement! Tableau No. 21 The thief had got them both.

Bric-a-Brac.

CALICO BY THE POUND.—Calico was sold about twenty-five years ago, at a store corner of Grand and Columbia streets, New York, by the pound. The price ranged from eighth to twenty-five cents per pound, and this curious method of selling it was one of the devices of the day, for the purpose of "drawing trade."

BOGUS.—An Anglicism—the vulgarè for "Borghese," is said to have been the name of a forger who "operated" somewhat extensively across the water about thirty-five years ago. He passed false tokens and counterfeit bills to the amount of many thousand dollars, and hence the term "bogus" is applied to whatever is false and fraudulent.

CRUSHING THE WINE-GLASS.—After the ceremony of crushing the wine-glass by the bridegroom in the Jewish marriage service, there is one hardly less picturesque. The bride runs from the church as fast as her feet can carry her, and the groom rushes after her, and though he must give her a certain start, and the daughters of Israel are fleet of foot, the bridegroom usually does not have to run much further than the door of the synagogue, to catch the fugitive.

REJECTED LOVERS.—For the benefit of rejected lovers, we quote the following sage advice, which, with some modification in very exceptional cases, they would do well to follow: "If a girl once refuses to marry you, don't make a noodle of yourself by hanging around her and persisting in your suit; for if you do cause her to relent, and she becomes your wife, you will never hear the last of your courting pertinacity as long as your wedded life lasts. The safest way, in nineteen cases out of twenty, is to take a girl at her word."

THE GLOBE AN ANIMAL.—Various theories have been from time to time advanced as to the interior condition of the globe, many of them of a purely fanciful character. The great astronomer Kepler, for instance, in seeking to account for the ebb and flow of the ocean-tides, depicted the earth as a living monster, the earth-animal, whose whale-like mode of breathing occasioned the rise and fall of the ocean in recurring periods of sleeping and waking, dependent on solar time. He even, in his flights of fancy, attributed to this earth-animal the possession of a soul, having the faculties of memory and imagination.

EATING BEANS.—A paper has discovered that the eating of beans on Mid-Lent Sunday has a special significance. "Several centuries back," it says "this Sunday was known as 'Carl Sunday,' for beans, called 'carlings,' were eaten on that day, and in an old translation of a church work of 1585 is this passage:—'We eat fried beans, by which we understand confession.' 'When we would have beans well scoden, we lay them in steepe, for otherwise they will never seeth kindly. Therefore, if we purpose to mend our faults, it is not sufficient barely to confess them of all adventure, but we must let our confession lie in steepe in the water of meditation.'"

JAPANESE DIVORCE.—The manner of Japanese divorce is just as easy as the marriage; that is, if the man so desires, as he only can divorce. All that is done is for the man to give the woman what is known as the "three-lines and a-half paper," stating to her that she is no longer considered by him as his wife. She is then unmarried, and can take her maiden name. The registry is made to show this fact, and the two are "quits." On the other hand there is no power on earth that can divorce the husband from the wife—the woman is powerless to act as against the man. Divorce is the prerogative of the husband, uncontrolled by any power whatever; he alone binds, and he alone can loose.

THOUGHTS IN PRISON.—A familiar name in the annals of Newgate, the famous London prison, is that of Dr. Dodd, the once popular preacher, who, failing to obtain a sufficient income to gratify his extravagant tastes, either in that capacity or as a royal chaplain, or as tutor and chaplain to the Earl of Chesterfield, finally forged his patron's name upon a bill for a large amount; and was detected, tried, condemned, and executed at Tyburn 1777, leaving behind him a work called "Thoughts in Prison," as a memorial of his residence in Newgate, and a contribution to the curious prison literature which owes its origin to the jail. The doctor's last piece of pulpit oratory was his own funeral sermon, which he was permitted to preach in the prison chapel before his execution.

INSTINCT OF THE WASP.—A French investigator has continued and added to very interesting observations on the solitary wasps which he published some years ago. He then described the singular state of paralysis into which they throw their victims, which if killed would decay, and if buried alive would in their struggles almost infallibly destroy the egg or young larva of the wasp. The wasp, however stings them in such a manner as to pierce the ganglia, and thus, without killing them, almost deprives them of all power of movement. One species which preys on a large grasshopper obtains the same result in a different manner. After having almost paralyzed her victim in the usual manner, she throws it on its back, bends the head so as to extend the articulation, of the neck, and then, seizing the intersegment membrane with her jaws crushes the subœsophagal ganglion. Truly a marvelous instinct. We also found that after this treatment the victims retain some power of digestion, and he was able considerably to prolong their life by feeding them with syrup.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

BY RITA.

Little by little the time goes by.
Short if you sing it, long if you sigh;
Little by little—an hour, a day;
Gone with the years that have vanished away.
Little by little the race is run,
Trouble and waiting and toil are done.

Little by little the skies grow clear,
Little by little the sun comes near,
Little by little the days smile out,
Gladder and lighter on pain and doubt.
Little by little the seed we sow
Into a bountiful yield will grow.

Little by little the world grows strong.
Fighting the battles of right or wrong;
Little by little the wrong gives way,
Little by little the right has sway;
Little by little all longing souls
Struggle up nearer the shining goals.

Little by little the good is seen
Blossoms to beauty for human ken;
Little by little the angels see
Prophecies better of good to be;
Little by little the God of all
Lifts the world nearer the pleading call.

PRINCE AND PEASANT.

A Story of Russian Life.

BY MRS. W. H. HILL.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BARON STERNBERG came.

He stood beside the man who had been his warmest friend, and who had now come back from the grave—"who was dead, and is alive again."

The sight was sad.

Baron Sternberg was a fine-looking man in the prime of life, and his friend, his junior by three years, a wasted, white-haired man, from whom strength and reason seemed to have flown forever.

"Vassili, do you remember me?" said the Baron, bending over him.

The vacant eyes fixed themselves on the kind face, and a faint gleam of recollection came into them.

"He knows me!" cried Sternberg, joyfully. "He is too weak to talk, but he knows me!"

The Count was carried tenderly up to his own old room, where Ulrich had kindled a fire, and put everything in the same order it had been in twenty years before.

He was placed in bed, and the Baron and Ulrich constituted themselves his nurses.

Annette was wild with joy at the strange turn affairs had taken.

Now she would be revenged on Platoff.

He would be knouted, or sent to Siberia at the very least.

She went about with a lighter step, and busied herself in preparing all sorts of strengthening soups for Count Vassili, and going to his door every few minutes to inquire how "Monsieur le Conte did now?"

Oh! love, how strong a power thou art! but how much stronger is hate!

Annette proved a valuable assistant to the Baron and Ulrich.

She never wearied, and she was an excellent nurse.

Baron Sternberg feared to trust her at first, but she told him the story of Aimee, and then he understood why she rejoiced that Platoff should be disgraced and driven out.

"Tell me, M. le Baron, will not this monster be knouted? Will he not be killed at once? Heavens! if he should escape, what will become of me? It would be so hard, after waiting all these years. Would it not be hard? Ah, yes, trying to me, poor miserable being that I am."

So Sternberg knew he could trust her, and as he worked hard and watched long for love, Annette worked harder and watched longer for hatred!

Their efforts were crowned with success.

On the sixth day after his release, Vassili lay watching Sternberg, who sat by his bed, with an expression in his eyes so like his old look that the Baron could scarcely refrain from shouting for joy.

At length Vassili broke the silence, speaking for the first time slowly, and in low, weak tones.

"How long have I been ill, Sternberg?"

The Baron could hardly trust his voice to reply, it trembled so with excess of gladness.

"For a long time, dear Vassili."

"I must have been delirious. I fancied I was in one of the dark dungeons, and I thought Octave pushed me in, and locked the door. I suppose I have had a fever. Where is Octave?"

"He is away just now. Take a drink and go to sleep. You must not talk too much."

Count Vassili obeyed.

He drank some soup and then closed his eyes, and slept like a child.

Sternberg watched him through tears of joy—his face was growing so like the friend of his youth.

The color was coming back, and the hollow cheeks were filling out.

Vassili had been famous for herculean strength, and it stood him in good stead now, for a less robust man would long ago have succumbed to the cold and hunger, which had so fearfully shaken that giant form.

When Ulrich heard that his master had spoken, and recognized his old friend, the faithful serf wept with joy.

"Ah! my dear master, he will know me now, and I am so glad."

Sternberg almost dreaded the moment when Vassili would first behold his old servant.

He trembled lest Ulrich should fail to control his emotion, and feared the excitement would prove too much for the Count in his weak state.

Still it seemed cruel to keep the faithful creature away, and Ulrich promised to be very careful.

The room was kept very quiet, and dimly-lighted, and Ulrich gently approached the bed with a glass of wine in his hand.

The Count's large blue eyes were open, and he watched the servant's approach without displaying any agitation.

Ulrich was about to place the glass to his master's lips, but the Count took it from his hand, saying, with a smile:

"You always spoil me, Ulrich."

"You feel better, I hope, your excellency?" said the old man, calmly.

"Yes, Ulrich, much stronger than I did this morning. I think the fever has run its course, and I will recover. Where is the Baron?"

"Here I am, Vassili," replied his friend, coming forward.

CHAPTER XXV.

ZOE AND ALEXIS.

ALEXIS and the Tartar became fast friends.

They were alike, both in appearance and mind, and they were constantly together.

Dimitri had very little to do, now that the days and nights passed away so quietly, and nothing was thought of but the man upstairs, who had been restored from the grave.

Baron Sternberg ruled in Castle Platoff, and his was an easy-going nature, so his rule was pleasant and easy.

There was never a greater change than that which grew over the castle.

Everything was different from what it had been.

The Baron walked through the castle one day, and signified his wish that the rooms be made more habitable.

"Take down those heavy curtains; let in the sunshine, and clear away the dust. Make fires in every stove in the castle, and in future we shall eat in the red-room—it was the dining-room in Count Vassili's time, and it shall be again."

This was done, and the change was marvellous.

Fires blazed in every stove, the sun streamed in at every window, and in less than a month the castle was a different place.

Every room was occupied, and everyone seemed cheerful and happy.

The serfs went about singing at their work, and the very atmosphere seemed brighter and better.

Now that the real Count Platoff was able to rise and take a walk up and down the corridor, leaning on the arms of Sternberg and Ulrich, they all felt safe from Octave, the hated and dreaded tyrant.

The corridors were no longer cold and cheerless, huge fires burnt in large stoves, and old-fashioned chairs and tables were placed here and there all over the castle.

"Don't sit down in the kitchen; come up through the castle; sit down and make the place look cheerful," and his orders were obeyed with alacrity.

Pere Hieronimo, too, was invited down, and requested to take the head of the table, until Count Vassili was able to do so himself.

Baron Sternberg explained to him the change that had taken place in the household, and they all waited with some anxiety the reappearance of Octave.

It seemed strange that he did not come, but the weather was too severe for traveling, so that might be the reason.

Vassili knew his own sad story now.

He felt no anger against the brother, whose fiend-like nature had prompted him to act in such an unnatural way.

His noble heart was incapable of resentment.

Sternberg was almost angry with him for mildness, but the soft, gentle nature of the great, giant-like Count was immovable to argument.

"No, dear Sternberg, I will not proceed against him. He is my brother."

Words failed to move him.

Gentle as he was, he could rest firmly on his own opinion.

Zoe came into the hall one day, as Vassili was taking his walk, and the Count noticed her at once.

"What child is that, Sternberg?" he inquired.

"Your brother's, I believe," replied the Baron.

A slight flush crossed the Count's cheek, and his great blue eyes sparkled.

He stopped and accosted Zoe, saying, pleasantly:

"Come here and speak to me, little one."

Zoe was too well-bred to hesitate, though there was a mystery about this grand old man that awed her.

She went over and bowed very respectfully, saying:

"How are you to-day, Monsieur? I hope you are better."

"Yes, much better—nearly well. Do you know who I am?"

"No, I do not, Monsieur."

"I am your Uncle Vassili, dear; and you are——"

"My name is Zoe, Monsieur."

"A very pretty name, and you are a good girl, I am sure. Now, Zoe, I mean to love you very much, and you must love me, and come and sit with me. Will you?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Do not say 'Monsieur,' dear; say 'yes, uncle.'"

"Yes, uncle," said the child, simply.

After this, Zoe was often with her Uncle Vassili.

He talked to her, and of her, a great deal, for like all good people, Count Vassili loved children.

Annette was much pleased with the notice Vassili bestowed on his niece.

One day Annette came into the room where he sat with the Baron,—a mysterious look on her face, and a folded parchment in her hand.

She closed the door after her carefully, and approached the Count.

"Well, Annette, what is it?" he asked, kindly.

"Read that, your excellency," was the reply, and she placed the document on the table before the two gentlemen.

It was a certificate of the marriage of Octave Platoff and Aimee Marie Legardie, on the seventh of August, 1840.

"Well!" was all that Sternberg could say, looking at his friend in the wildest amazement.

The marriage had taken place in Nantes, before a Roman Catholic priest, and had again been solemnized in Russia in a Greek church.

"Who is Aimee Marie Legardie?" asked Sternberg.

"She is a French lady of good family. I have passed for her mother for years, but I am only her foster-mother. She belongs to an excellent family in Nantes. She is here in this castle, but the constant ill-treatment of Count Platoff has driven her mad."

Vassili shook his head sadly.

It seemed that every day brought to light some new enormity of this man, who, alas! that it should be so, was his brother.

"I would like to see my brother's wife," he said sadly.

"Yes," Monsieur, you can see her at any time. She is quiet and harmless, but perfectly vacant."

Vassili was deeply moved.

He keenly felt his brother's dishonorable conduct, and was determined to acknowledge Aimee as Octave's wife, and Zoe as his child.

"I suppose the child's education has been neglected," said Vassili, with a sigh.

"On the contrary, I believe she is very clever. I saw a composition of hers the other day, and I was surprised by its merit. Zoe must be both clever and well-read," said Sternberg.

Vassili's face cleared, and he appeared much relieved by this information.

"I am glad of that. She is a dear child. I am fond of her already.

The days rolled on in quiet and happiness that had long been unknown in Castle Platoff.

Zoe was often with her uncle, chatting and reading to him.

One day she talked about their people, and Vassili was astonished at the depth of her remarks on serfdom and its evils.

"I think it is so wrong, Uncle Vassili, for the people to be so ignorant. No matter how clever they are, the poor things cannot read or write. Their lives must be very dreary."

"Yes, Zoe, you are right. I had a sort of simple school for my people before. I shall have it established again, but I have no one who could teach them. Pere Hieronimo is too old—I would not ask the good old man. I do not know anyone in Dago who would be suitable, do you?"

"Yes, uncle, Alexis could. I will help him. I have been wishing for years to do this. I did not like to speak of it before."

"Who is Alexis?"

"The tall dark man, who is always with Dimitri. He was a prisoner, and he is not a serf. I found him sitting reading the other day, and he told me that he belongs to St. Petersburg, and he is a wood-carver. He is very thin and pale, but so nice and clever, and he is very different from the Dago people."

Vassili smiled at the earnest face of his little niece, and gladly assented to her plan for the educating of their people.

He sent for Alexis, and questioned him on the subject of his coming to the island, and his previous life.

Alexis told his story briefly.

He could not comprehend why he had been carried off, or why detained.

He told of Feodora's appearance at the fete, after she had pleaded illness as an excuse for remaining at home.

This puzzled Alexis.

He was of so simple and unsuspicious a nature, that, though he had often tried to solve this mystery, he had never succeeded in doing so.

Feodora was to him always a bright, beautiful, and superior being.

That she could act in a deceitful and treacherous way, seemed to him impossible.

Zoe had told him of the marriage of the fair stranger with Prince Wittgenstein, and the honest fellow was struck with wonder.

She must have been acting deceitfully, and playing a double game.

Oh! how sad it is when our idols fall from their pedestals—when we make the heart-rending discovery that the silver and gold in which we trusted is only clay.

Alexis felt all the pain a noble heart must feel when those who seemed so fair, so pure, that their very smile brightened the dull monotony of life, prove false; when the ugly fact strikes home. "The sweetness was false, the smile a lie; the beauty vain, and alas! the purity, only the creature of my own sick imagination."

The heart-sick man turned to employment, to occupation, as a relief from thoughts which could not be otherwise than painful at the first bitter smart of the blow he had received.

Zoe had *carte blanche* from her uncle in the matter of arranging her school. Vassili sent to St. Petersburg for books, maps, etc., and a large room was fitted up as a school-room.

Alexis wrote to his mother and sisters, that for the present he intended to remain in Dago, as his health was not yet established sufficiently for him to undertake the cold journey to the capital.

He enclosed a very handsome remittance, and then busied himself in assisting Zoe to form the serfs into classes, and arrange what branches they should study.

"Oh! Alexis—this is perfect! How I shall enjoy teaching them. Wont you?"

"Yes," replied the sad, grave-looking man, smiling at the child's enthusiasm. "Yes, it will be pleasant, and you must teach me also; will you Zoe?"

Zoe laughed, and clapped her hands with glee. "What will I teach you? to dance?"

"No, I should like to learn French."

"Very well, mon ami, you shall learn it; and if you are dull I shall punish you, oh! so severely."

The two were soon busy, and Alexis was surprised to find that, as they worked hard, he had little time for painful thoughts, and gradually the image of Feodora faded from his heart.

He was busy, too, at some wood-carving, which he was working at secretly, as he was making a set of book shelves for Zoe, and he wished to surprise her.

He thought of the glad start the child would give, when she found them hanging up, filled with her favorite volumes, and the pretty little speech she would make in the sweet child's voice, with the faint foreign accent, which rendered it so charming.

Yes, Feodora was in a fair way to be forgotten; her fair, deceitful face was fading from Alexis' memory, and would soon totally vanish.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE PRINCESS; NOT THE WIFE!

A YEAR has elapsed since last we saw Wittgenstein Palace. Let us enter its stately portals once more.

Where is the master? Far away in the dreary Crimea. His palace is warm and radiant with light and music, but he is lying on the frosty earth, sheltered from the icy blast by only a thin canvas cover, or perhaps keeping guard on a bleak hill-side, with bullets whistling past his ear, and the tap of the drum or bugle-call his only music.

Perhaps he was bending over wounded, or perhaps a dead comrade or—who could tell—perhaps even now, Constantine Wittgenstein's hour had come; the deadly bullet or the cruel sabre may have done its work, and that noble heart ceased to beat, the warm life-blood ebbed from the broad chest, into the deep snow, staining its purity; the tall form may be stretched stiffly out, with set teeth, and hard wide-open eyes, calling out to Heaven for vengeance.

Feodora is in her drawing room, with a party of friends. She has matured and grown more stately, and looks a Princess every inch of her, and the dignity of maternity has increased rather than lessened her charms.

She wears a robe of black velvet, for more than one of Prince Wittgenstein's relatives have fallen for their country. The sable hue of her dress set off the marble skin of the wearer, and the bright golden gloss of her chevalure; her ornaments, too, partake of the character of her mourning; they are sombre, and yet becoming.

Feodora had given thought to this matter.

She had driven to the jeweller herself; she had actually left her sleigh, with its costly robes and velvet cushions, and gone into the store.

The jeweller was overwhelmed by this condescension. Ah! if he had only recognized in the haughty Princess, the beautiful girl in the peasant dress who used to stand at his windows, eyeing the glittering bawbles with envious eye, would he have bowed so low?

La Princesse had requested to be shown mourning jewelry. Bowing to the very ground, the obsequious jeweller placed before her trays of jet and diamonds, wrought into cunning shapes to win favor from fastidious tastes.

"No, it will not do. It is so common; not at all what I can wear. I wish something *distingue*, something *chic*, not diamonds and jet."

"Your Highness, the Czarina wear diamonds and jet."

"Yes, I know she does, and it is just because everyone wears them that I will not. Can you think of anything else? something no one else has, and you must make me a set of ornaments, and make no more like them; do you understand?"

"Yes, your Highness, I do; have you any sort of idea, and particular fancy?"

Feodora bent over the broad counter, and whispered confidentially; the jeweller gave a start of pleasure, and rubbed his hands, while his small eyes twinkled.

"The very thing, your Highness! The very brightest idea. I shall at once set about carrying out your idea, your Highness. Have you any particular design, your Highness?"

"No, nothing but what I have told you." The jeweller bowed his noble customer out, and she drove off, her beautiful face covered with radiant smiles, for dress and pleasure was all that La Princesse thought of.

Wittgenstein was far away in the fatal Crimean valley, but Feodora still attended every ball and party, and was the gayest of the gay at dance and opera. A dignified dowager had called upon the lovely Princess, to invite her to join a ladies' club which had been formed to make lint and bandages for the wounded.

"Ah! I really cannot; I have no time. My engagements are so numerous. I am engaged for every day. I wonder how you find time."

The Duchess opened her eyes, and her firm thin lips took a decidedly downward curve. She looked hard at the beautiful Princess, who leaned back in her velvet chair, and held a feather fan between her delicate face and the heat of the stove.

"Not find time, your Highness?" she repeated, incredulously. "You cannot find time to assist in making lint and bandages to send to the Crimea? Your husband is there, is he not?"

"Yes, of course he is; you know Constantine went at the commencement of the war."

"Well," said her visitor, rising to go, and fastening her sable cloak closer round her throat, "Well, Princess Wittgenstein, I heard you were as heartless as you were beautiful; but I did not believe it. I doubt the fact no longer.

"Prince Wittgenstein has a Princess, but Constantine Wittgenstein has no wife, in the truest and best sense of the word. You need not stand up, your Highness; do not let me disturb you. Go to your balls and your parties.

"I know your husband's mother, and I thought her hard, but—I never in all my long life met your equal for cool and deliberate selfishness.

"Never! I can see you are angry; let me warn you. You wish to be popular; you wish to be thought well of.

"Let me tell you, I am not the only one in St. Petersburg who has discovered your true nature.

"The Czarina is the head of our society, and when, in counting names yesterday, I mentioned yours, she said, calmly, 'Do not depend on the Princess Wittgenstein, for I do not believe she will come.' I was surprised at the tone the Empress used in speaking of you. I am surprised no longer; she knew you better than I did—good morning."

As she uttered the last words, the door closed on the Duchess of Dunskmo, for the last time.

Feodora was slightly put out by this plain-spoken address from her high-born visitor, but the feeling soon passed away. That very day her ornaments came home, and she now wore them for the first time.

Her party was pleasant, but not so gay as usual; there were so few gentlemen; the bright uniforms no longer glittered in the wax-light; the tall, handsome wearers were absent.

All the ladies wore heavy black, and crape, and none of the men were Russians.

A stray German or two, and a few Poles, with a Spanish Ambassador, made up the party; the French and English were of course absent, as all the English had left Russia, who could do so, and the few remaining stragglers were not received in society.

The party was not very lively; in vain did the lovely hostess sing and chat and laugh.

Each female face had a vague, expectant look, an anxious expression, which it tried in vain to conceal.

The conversation, too, was of the war, the latest news, the last battle!

"Do let us talk of something more lively than blood and death," said Feodora, with a shudder, after some lady had given an account of the latest war news.

"Do let us forget about all the horror for half-an-hour.

"The old Duchess of Dunskmo was ready to eat me to-day because I cannot go to her dirty old palace to scrape lint and make bandages.

"I can't scrape lint; the stuff goes down my throat and makes me cough, and up my nose and sets me sneezing.

"Oh! you need not laugh, Count Sternburg, it is perfectly true.

"Constantine never asked me to do such unpleasant things when he was here, and I do not believe he wants me to do them now he is away."

The ladies of the party did not laugh at the comical view the Princess took of the subject, and they left early.

Next day, to Feodora's horror, she received a formal note from the Czarina, releasing her from her duties as a dame of honor.

This was a great shock, and she was sufficiently conversant with Court etiquette to know that it was equivalent to a dismissal from Court.

She read it over twice, and then threw the note, with Royal arms, and the Empress's monogram, in the fire.

"This is the doings of that old cat, the Duchess of Dunskmo.

"I thought as much. Ah! the old vile vixen. How I wish Constantine was here: they would never dare to treat me so."

She ordered her sleigh and drove off, passing and re-passing the grim-looking Palace of the Duchess.

Numbers of ladies drove up to the door, and entered, and one and all of them returned Feodora's smiling recognition by cold haughty bows.

She colored deeply as the sleigh of the Empress drove past her own, and the Czarina her daughter-in-law studiously looked another way.

"Home," she said, in a subdued tone to the coachman, and home she went.

She felt the slight to the bottom of her proud heart.

It was too bad, she emphatically declared. She was to be cut, that was evident. She wished she could retire to some of the country seats belonging to the estate, but in the depth of the winter it seemed absurd to do so.

What would be her next move? She scarcely knew herself.

First she thought of calling on the Empress and begging humbly an explanation, when she might make good her own story. Then she thought she would keep very quiet, and perhaps the Empress would take her up again.

"Madame la Princesse, will you come to Monseigneur le Bebe? He is very ill."

"Send for the doctor, Valerie, and tell nurse I will be there directly. You are always fussing about the child. No wonder he is ill."

"Ah! Madame, the child is very sick."

"Go away, Valerie. Do not trouble me with your nonsense."

She turned her back resolutely on Valerie, and the woman sighed deeply and closed the door.

Feodora picked up a book and tried to read, but her vexation was too great.

She threw it down impatiently. "Oh! it is too hard!" she said, and tears sprang to her eyes as she spoke. "Too hard! Just as I was so happy, it seemed as if I had nothing left to wish for, and now—all my hopes are dashed to the ground, without a moment's notice."

She threw herself on a couch and cried passionately, as she used to cry in the old days, when she was Feodora Cazlett, the merchant-sailor's daughter:—bitter tears of rage and mortification.

Meanwhile, in a far off room in that vast palace, a tiny babe is wailing piteously in the arms of his nurse, a comely peasant woman.

The large room is full of handsome furniture, a costly rosewood crib, with its white satin cover on which the tiny morsel of humanity's coat of arms are embroidered in gold, stands ready for him.

The carpet on the floor is so soft and thick that the footsteps of the nurse make no sound as she paces up and down with the weeping babe; the tables are marble-topped; and the chairs velvet-cushioned and easy. The cold air is carefully excluded by double windows and velvet curtains; all that gold can purchase for this infant is there—but alas! for the infant—gold can not purchase a mother's love, a mother's care, and Raoul Constantine Onfroy Wittgenstein must do without them.

The child's nurse paused in her tedious tramp, and looked earnestly on the face of the infant, and tears rolled down her smooth red cheeks, as she saw the tiny features convulsed with pain.

The child was very small, and had been delicate from his birth.

He was three months old, but his little face was no longer than a healthy babe's of four or five weeks.

"Ah, poor little darling, you are so sick." Sadly the words passed the woman's lips, and her voice shook as she uttered them.

"Is the child any better?" inquired Valerie, coming softly in.

"No, is his mother coming?"

Valerie shook her head, and began to shake up the pillows, and spread the costly counterpane of the baby's crib.

"Why does she not come?" asked the nurse, indignantly.

"She told me to send for the doctor, and not to trouble her," replied the other, in a low tone.

"She is a selfish, hard-hearted wretch! You need not shake your head, it is true. Ah! poor baby—poor little baby, you will not trouble her much longer; you poor little suffering angel, you will soon be in Heaven, and I doubt if your cruel mother will ever be there."

The babe grew steadily worse.

The doctor came; he was a kind old man, and he took little Raoul from the arms of his tired nurse, and gently soothed him. The child was placed in a hot bath, and the doctor gave him some simple narcotic.

He stretched his little weary arms, and pitiful wailing cry died away, the tiny waxen face grew still, and the poor little babe sank into a tired doze.

The doctor laid him gently in his crib, and drew up the satin counterpane, with its glittering display of high birth, which seemed such a terrible mockery of the poor infant, who was cared for by strangers, while his father was far away on the ghastly battle-ground, and his mother in a distant room in the palace slumbering, and occasionally sobbing through her sleep, while her cheeks were still wet with the tears, shed because she had been slighted by the Empress.

CHAPTER XXVII.

COUNT PLATOFF NOT HIMSELF!

An imperial ukase, peremptorily ordering all officers of every regiment of his Imperial Majesty's army to rejoin their regiments without delay, was issued at the commencement of the war.

The regiments themselves were filled up, recruiting going on briskly in every part of the Empire.

All the young men on every estate were drafted for the army, often greatly to their own dissatisfaction.

Troops were marching in from every country station to the capital.

Reviews were held daily—Cossacks, Circassians, Guards, and the regiments of the line, each taking their turn.

The Czar himself reviewed them all, every soldier passing before that eagle eye, whose stern, unblanching gaze seemed to read his very heart.

Nicholas never seemed to know fatigue. Day after day he was on the field, surrounded by his glittering staff, and mounted on a black war-horse—his noble figure dressed in the uniform of the Guards, his brow surmounted by a magnificent helmet of polished steel, with the golden eagle, whose widely-spread wings form the crest.

He looked like another Attilla reviewing the descendants of the Huns.

It was a sad and solemn thing to think that this living mass of young strong men was doomed to pass away like a shadow, and be forgotten—to vanish like the morning mist before the sunshine.

To watch a regiment of Circassians, like a band of warriors from some gay tournament, heroes of song and romance, with their thin dark faces, and flashing oriental eyes, and consider that, ere another year passed away, that long line of noble forms would perhaps be buried in the dust, those high hearts be cold in death!

Then see a squadron of Guards, their eagle-crested helmets flashing in the sun; now a sombre cloud of Cossacks, their lances couched as if to attack the ranks of the enemy, their rough-looking horses galloping at the top of their speed; then again, regiment after regiment of infantry; till the long line seemed interminable, and the even tramp of the march sounded like the rushing of a mighty torrent, while the martial music rose and swelled till it warmed their hearts and made their eyes flash like their swords.

When the ukase reached Dago, Vassili at once prepared to visit the Capital and present himself before his sovereign.

A year had passed since the eventful day on which Dimitri and the dwarf had tried their strength, and Count Vassili was once more strong and healthy; his dark blue eyes shone with their youthful fire, and his giant form was once more strong and upright as a dart.

Of his brother, the Count had never heard, and vague rumors were afloat of a ship lost at sea, on the night Octave Platoff was ever seen, and many persons were assured that Platoff had gone down in the "Grand Duke."

His leave had expired long ago, and, if he was in life, his brother-officers firmly predicted he would appear to answer the ukase of the Emperor, for cowardice was not numbered among his sins.

It was a bright morning, and the Emperor was, as usual, reviewing his troops.

He sat on his huge black horse, with a crowd of mounted officers around him, when a horse galloped up, and a strange officer saluted the Emperor.

Many eyes turned on the new comer. He was a man of extraordinary size, and mounted on a large gray charger.

He wore the uniform of the Emperor's Guard, but not one of the officers had ever seen his face before.

Nicholas eyed the stranger for a moment, in astonishment, and then addressed him, amid a breathless silence:

"You are—?"

"Vassili, Count Platoff, your Majesty!"

"What? Vassili Platoff has been in his grave these twenty years."

"He has risen again, your Majesty—do you not recognize me, sir?"

The Czar drew near, and looked hard in the stranger's face; gradually new light seemed to come in on him, and he exclaimed:

"You are Vassili Platoff, but whether you are dead or alive, I cannot tell!"

"I trust I shall prove my appearance is not merely visionary to many of your Majesty's enemies," replied Platoff.

"Have you come to join my regiment?" inquired the Czar.

"Yes, your Majesty; you did not estimate the power of your Majesty's imperial order; you see it can call men from their graves."

A laugh followed this remark, though the whole affair was clothed in mystery.

"I would like to hear an explanation of this mystery," said the Emperor.

"If your Majesty will excuse me, I would prefer to give that explanation in private, if your Majesty would grant me an audience," responded Platoff.

"Certainly," replied the Czar. "Have you forgotten your drill, Count Vassili?"

"I fancy it is rather rusty."

"Well, you can look on to-day, and I will appoint you to your company to-morrow."

Nicholas heard the story of Count Platoff, and both felt and expressed great surprise and indignation at Octave's conduct.

He had not entertained a high opinion of him, but he had not the faintest idea of his real nature.

"I will appoint you in your brother's place; it is no disgrace to serve as he did, for he was an excellent officer."

Vassili was grateful to the Czar for this little bit of praise, and he joined the officers of his company that evening at mess.

The first one who welcomed him among them was Sergie Roboff. He held out his hand, and said, pleasantly.

"Allow me to welcome you to one of the bravest corps of his Majesty's army, and in the place of one of his bravest officers." The words were few and simple, but they were singularly well-chosen, and told of the tact of the speaker.

"Thank you," said Vassili, taking the boy's hand warmly in his own, and Roboff became his prime favorite on the spot. Long after, when Sergie Roboff laid to rest, in his dreary Crimean grave, Vassili wept over the young bright face, the noble boyish heart, and the frank kindly voice, that had been the first to welcome him to his own place where he had been forgotten.

Few of them ever learnt the strange story of the two Counts of the same name, but Roboff was one of the few.

Vassili told it to him one night as the comrades kept watch together in the cold damp trench.

Sergie sat on the frosty earth, wrapped in his long fur-lined cloak, and smoked his pipe, while the young old man talked of his own brother's cruelty and treachery.

"Vassili!" said the boy, suddenly.

"Well, Roboff?"

"Don't tell me any more. Don't let us talk of him—he is dead—God forgive him!"

"Do you think so, Sergie?"

"Yes, I am certain of it. I said, when he outstaid his leave. 'He is dead' and all the fellows laughed at me; then I said, when the ukase was published, 'If he is alive he will come,' and he never came. He is dead, and gone to his account. Don't let us talk of him."

Sergie threw another log on the watch-fire, and resumed his seat.

To lighten the tedium of their lonely watch, Vassili began to talk of Zoe.

"Who is she?" asked the boy.

"My brother's daughter," replied Vassili.

"I did not know he was married."

"Yes, and he left one child—the brightest, dearest girl, I ever saw."

"How old is she?"

"Thirteen."

"Just the age for me. Have me on a visit, Vassili, when we go back, and I'll marry Zoe."

"Very good. That will be grand, Sergie, what did you think the first time you saw me?"

"I said to Wittgenstein, 'I said he would come, and here he is Platoff, but he is not himself—he is some one else.'"

"That was odd; you will marry Zoe and you shall be my heir, Roboff. I will never have any children."

"Stuff!—wait till we go home, you will marry and have many children." Vassili shook his head and smiled sadly. Whenever he heard Sergie talk of home, a chill came over him. It seemed hard, but Vassili felt certain that this fair-faced boy should never again see his home, or his friends, and too true were these sad forebodings.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DEATH OF ROBOFF.

The night was cold and dark, and the sky cloudy, with here and there a star twinkling out.

Vassili and Roboff were in the trenches.

It was just a week after the night on which the conversation reported in our last chapter took place.

Sergie sat smoking as usual, and his fur-lined cloak wrapped closely around him, its collar turned up about his neck.

Vassili stood beside him; he, too, was well-wrapped, and badly did they both need their warm garments, for the cold was bitter and biting.

Bullets whistled round them like bees, while here and there a shell or large round shot struck the earth-work, and all the men saluted it by making a lowly obeisance as they heard its fearful death-dealing song.

"By St. Olga, those English bull-dogs are fast improving in their aim; they have picked off four of our fellows since I came on guard, and I fear that many more will follow suit. They can hit in the dark, too, I hope it won't be your turn next, Vassili. You are too tall by a foot-and-a-half. Sit down, man. Here am I setting you an example! I always sit when I'm not obliged to stand, and I am so short they can't hit me."

As Roboff spoke, a number of shells shot up at once, casting a lurid glare over the dark sky, and a shower of minie balls fearfully thinned the ranks of those who lined the trenches.

A soldier who stood on the ramparts fell back into the trench, a bullet having struck him behind the ear.

Before Roboff reached him he was lifeless, and the next flash of murderous fire revealed his form stiffening in death.

The firing was still kept up.

The sky, no longer dark, was like a scroll of fire, and the roar of cannon, mingled with the shrill sickening shriek of the shells, rendered conversation impossible.

Never before had Roboff been under such heavy fire, and his young fair face was paler than usual.

As Sergie gently laid down his comrade, who a moment before was full of life, he drew the arms down and closed the eyes, which were staring so awfully.

"Poor Nickota! He made my soup for me this morning. He was of Wittgenstein's people."

"Yes, by the way, what became of that Englishman Wittgenstein used to make so much of?" asked Roboff.

"Gone to England when the war first broke out," replied a young Cornet, who stood near.

The firing had stopped for a brief moment.

It now began again in earnest, a perfect volley of shot and shell rained into the trench.

They all threw themselves flat on their faces, and for a moment none of them breathed.

Then a sharp cry from Roboff caused Vassili to start to his feet in spite of the danger.

The boy lay on his side, writhing in agony, a bullet having struck him in the breast.

"Oh! Roboff is wounded," cried Vassili, kneeling beside his friend.

"Vassili, I'm done for," said Roboff, while a spasm of agony convulsed his pale features.

"Oh! I hope not! Wait till we carry you to the hospital."

They attempted to raise him, but he screamed violently, and a bloody froth gathered on his lips, showing that the ball had taken effect in the lungs.

They gently laid him down again, and Vassili wiped his lips and gave him wine and water from his canteen.

His wound was fatal, and the life-blood ebbed from a gaping wound in his chest.

"Vassili, I am dying," said the boy in a faint voice. "I am going fast."

"Yes, dear Sergie, I fear you are," replied Platoff, solemnly.

"Vassili, I am not afraid. I die for my country—and I believe in God's mercy. Tell the Emperor that I died happy, and thank him for his kindness."

"Yes, I will; are you easy, dear boy?"

"Not very; lower my head and cover my face, that I may not see the fire."

Vassili complied.

He laid Roboff down on his own coat, which he stripped off.

The boy noticed this, and, though he was dying, his generous nature caused him to offer a remonstrance to this sacrifice on his friend's part.

"Don't ruin your coat, Vassili. Put me down—it will not matter long."

Tears sprang to Platoff's eyes as he heard the words.

He laid the young fair head gently down, and wiped the smooth fair brow, on which the death-damp stood in drops. "Do you suffer dear Sergie?"

"Not much, thank God!—I'm going!—Farewell, Vassili! God ble—"

The white lips breathed out the faint words, Count Sergie Roboff's last words—a blessing on his friend, and so the young spirit passed away, the noble, generous heart ceased to beat.

A feeble flutter of breath stole over Platoff's face as he bent over to catch the low whisper, and then it ceased.

The broad lids quivered over the dark blue eyes, which were so soon to behold the glories of the Kingdom, and then closed forever.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Midnight Express.

BY ALGERNON H. COLLYER.

I AM a good-looking little woman—fair-haired and blue-eyed, with a tolerably piquant nose, and a mouth which is expressive though wide.

My figure is slender and supple; and all my life I have found favor in the sight of men.

Up to twenty, in fact, my existence was devoted to dancing and dress, riding and rinking, and—flirting.

That was my particular line—I was a flirt to the backbone.

There was not an art, nor a wile, nor a trick of the trade in which I was not A 1.

Becks and nods, and smiles and sighs, even to kisses—on my hand—came as naturally to me as my daily bread, and admiration was hydrogen and oxygen.

But I never fell in love; for that is a folly of which thorough flirts are as innocent as a child unborn.

Love seemed to me in the light of a sentimental bondage, under which all the pleasant flowery face of existence would be changed into a timid, nervous, uncomfortable surrendering of one's heart and brain into the keeping of some one who would turn out not half as nice or generous as one's self.

Flirting was my element.

Like a bird, I skimmed over the surface, never diving beneath it; for I was not in quest of feeling, but of amusement.

I doted on the excitement of flirtation; the rapid ebb and flow of emotion; the art of thawing coldness and repelling warmth; the advance, the retrograde movement, the skirmish—half-mock, half-serious; the clever simulation of surprise when I carried war right into the adversary's camp, and found him but a too willing captive; the virtuous repudiation of ever having laid siege; the coolness with which a too importunate suitor was dismissed; the calm when bitter reproaches were evoked; and then the grand transformation scene at the end of the act, in which I and a new man began—the whole thing over again!

But when I arrived at twenty-one years I was caught in the net I had spread for so many unwary souls, and my pretty butterfly wings were ruthlessly clipped.

Cupid had me fast in his toils, and I was transformed from a bird of prey, or a vain peacock, into the most homely of wrens.

Fate had brought me a master spirit in my mate.

He was "too utterly utter," was Charlie, my husband; as handsome as the traditional prince in the fairy-tale: a king among men—big, and with stalwart shoulders and a broad chest, and deep gray eyes that knew how to scowl as well as to smile, and a pair of lips that could grow cold and stern as well as they could soften as a woman's.

Flirts make the best wives, they say; and I suppose it must be true, for I was a very good wife to Charlie.

There was not a single thing he said but I thought it wisest, best; there was not a thing he did but I thought none had done such an excellent thing before.

And when sometimes it pleased him to stoop and pick me up in his strong arms as easily as if I had been a flaxen-haired doll, I used to shut my eyes and believe that I was in Heaven.

I vested him with all the virtues under the sun.

He was kind and true and tender; he was noble and magnanimous and generous.

He was a Bayard—a Paladin—a miracle.

But Charlie was something else besides all this.

He was as jealous as a Turk.

If he could have kept my pretty face behind a veil, like the poor put-upon Mussulman women, he would have done it like a shot.

He could not bear me to see or speak to a man who had seen half a century.

It was absolute torture to him if a man but looked at me.

Even the old postman, who limped and had but one eye, was a thorn in his flesh.

He declared that in that solitary optic more admiration was condensed than in two ordinary eyes.

Jealousy is rather a pleasant sort of feeling to excite when one is very much in love.

It is so nice to feel that you are the alternate honey and gall, the delight and blessing and bane, of the being you adore!

It makes you hot and cold and deliciously uncomfortable to fancy all his Othello-like sentiments—to imagine yourself a second Desdemona, and to be perpetually on the lookout for an Iago, who may bring you to an untimely end!

It is so delightfully sensational to simulate smiles and whisper soft nothings, just to drive your idol into fits, and give you the chance of going down on your knees and swearing your innocence and loyalty!

These were the manifold phases of feeling which Charlie and I enjoyed for six months, a sort of see-saw between painful bliss and blissful pain.

But everything in this sublunary sphere must either collapse into chaos, or it must culminate and burst like a soap-bubble.

Charlie and I culminated, and it was in this wise.

Vulcan, the postman, to whose knock I had a habit of responding each morning before my liege lord had opened his deep gray eyes, brought me one day a letter from my cousin, Flora Macfarlane.

She and I had been brought up together quarrelled, slapped one another, kissed, and loved each other for years; and at sixteen, when I had been in the habit of crying like a baby at almost anything, I had shed tears of bitter anguish and unavailing regret at Flora's departure for New Zealand, where my uncle, her father, had, like Norval, gone out to tend his flocks.

Since my marriage, of which I at once had hastened to tell her, I had had no tidings of her, until the eventful day of which I write.

I opened the envelope, in the dear familiar hand, with intense perturbation, and read:

DARLING ETTA.—I am very ill, perhaps dying. The sight of your sweet face will do me good. Come without delay to your own F. M.

With the tears running down my cheeks in a copious stream, and the letter open in my trembling fingers, I fled upstairs, pulled up the jalousies, and found Charlie giving a preliminary stretch before he put one stalwart limb out of bed.

Throwing myself down on my knees, I flourished the scrap of paper, written in my cousin's big bold hand, before the sleepy gray eyes; and, between heartrending sobs and choking sensations, I contrived to articulate:

"I shall never forgive myself if I delay! I must go now, at once, or I shall feel like Cain! Charlie, what train can I catch?"

"Go where?" he said, startled and half-awake.

"To Banchory."

"Where's Banchory?" he asked, with a deplorable ignorance of native geography that even in that moment of anguish surprised me.

"Banchory, Banchory? Why, its somewhere in the north, of course!" I ejaculated pompously, with a thrilling sense of superior knowledge that only came to me at times.

"In the north? That's rather a wide berth for conjecture, little woman. And now, what on earth do you want to ride a rocking-horse to Banbury—Banchory—for?"

I could not speak; a ball rose up in my throat as I thought of the reason for my northern flight—my poor dear dying Flora! But I smoothed the bit of paper quickly, and held it right before his eyes.

He read the heart-breaking missive once, twice, thrice; and then he—scowled.

I knew that scowl on his dear face as well as a mariner knows the black speck, no bigger than a man's hand, that rises on the fair heavens, and grows and grows.

"Who is this F. M.?" he asked, in a concentrated voice that was suggestive of the faint rumbling of distant thunder.

"Flor—ra Mac—far—lane!" I sobbed.

"Flora Macfarlane? And how should I know it is from Flora Macfarlane?"

"It is signed 'F. M.,'" I answered meekly, thinking my words unanswerable.

"'F. M.?'" And why cannot "F." stand for Francis, or Frederick, or Fitzherbert, or Fiddlesticks?" he cried excitedly; his lovely fair hair, which had become ruffled in slumber, standing up like porcupine's quills on his dear head; his handsome, wide-open eyes shining like electric light; his lips twisting and turning, and reminding me of Byron's deliciously terrifying Corsair:

"There was a laughing devil in his sneer,
And when his glances of hatred fell,
Hope willing fled, and mercy sighed farewell!"

I was so amazed at the view he had taken of the matter that I knelt there as dumb as a sheep.

"Well?" he said.

I looked up in his face, wondering what soft answer would turn away his wrath; but he took my deprecatory glance as a proof of my guilt.

"Etta," he thundered, "how dare you trump up this letter to delude me? Go, if you like; but once you go to Francis—Frederick—or——"

"Fiddlesticks!" I interrupted. "You cannot be so absurd, Charlie, as to get up a scene about nothing. Flora Macfarlane is my cousin; and we were always together like——"

"Ananias and Sapphira, judging by the untruths by you both told," he said contemptuously.

But I was too intent on my journey to retaliate.

"Listen!" I continued, going on where he had interrupted my sentence—"and I have not seen her dear face for years. O, it is too—too——"

"Utterly strange that you have not even heard of her for years?" he remarked suspiciously.

"For four years and six months," I corroborated meekly. "Still I love her dearly; and it would break my heart if she died without saying good—good-bye!" I murmured with a gulp, in a torrent of tears.

Upon this my liege lord melted.

Sitting bolt upright, he put his hand down on my fluffy curls.

It is so nice to be hurt by some one you care for; you can, at any rate, feel that he is near you, close to you.

"Don't weep, Etta. Even if you are false, you need not turn into a waterspout," he said; and taking a long piece of my hair, which I wear of a morning to please him, he deliberately dried my eyes with it.

I smothered back one or two refractory sobs, and glanced at him piteously.

"I am not false!" I cried, in a feverish voice, wondering if any woman could be so intensely ridiculous as to prefer some other man to the splendid specimen of manhood Charlie was.

And I suppose the admiration in my breast cropped up into my eyes; for he certainly softened, and the scowl faded from his white brow.

"There is really a Flora Macfarlane?" he catechized, with the air of a Lycurgus.

"Yes."

Laconic, but impressive; for he reflected a moment.

"How is it you have never mentioned her before?"

"I don't know, Charlie. I suppose I have had no time to think of anyone else but you since we married," I answered mildly and truthfully.

Men are open to pleasant truth, perhaps; for though his lips were still pursed up, his eyes smiled a little.

"Do let me go," I pleaded.

He hesitated.

By this time the hand he laid on my head had slipped down on my shoulder, and with a sudden impulse, I took it, and pressed my lips to it.

But the action put Charlie on his stilts again.

Drawing away his fingers, and frowning, he flushed:

"You need not resort to hypocrisy to gain your point."

"I won't go!" I exclaimed; "not if I am to walk the earth like Cain, branded as a murderer, all my life! You need not look at me mockingly like that. The bears ate up the boys that mocked the bald head," I went on irrelevantly, forgetful of my fluffy hirsute adornments; "and when I die of remorse you will never forgive yourself, Charlie."

"You shall go!" he said, growing as firm as a rock.

"I won't!"

"Don't be obstinate, Etta! You shall go; and I'll look out the best train at once. Where's the traveling guide?"

With the habits of obedience he had taught me, I got off my knees at once, and slowly fetched the guide.

"I won't go! It is no use your looking for trains," I reiterated, with a dogged obstinacy.

Charlie glanced up at my face, shrugged my broad shoulders, then gently turned over the leaves.

"Here is it—Banchory, near Aberdeen. You must take the six-o'clock train to London, and catch the midnight express."

"Midnight express!" I repeated involuntarily.

The two words awed me.

They seemed suggestive of horrors, masked men, revolvers, clasp-knives, struggles, a wild and sudden clinging to doors and windows, a fall, down, down, a crash!

"Ah!" I shrieked, catching such tight hold of Charlie's hand that I left quite a red mark on his white flesh.

"What on earth is the matter, Etta?"

"Nothing, nothing—only a spasm," I murmured, ashamed of my imaginative powers, which Charlie, who was thoroughly practical, held in supreme scorn and derision.

He went on studying the guide, his face, like mine always when I take up that book, as if trying to solve a problem in Euclid.

"I've got it all right," he proclaimed at last; "it's the midnight express you must catch, and so be off and make your preparations. I sha'n't expect you till I see you; for Banchory is a mischief of a distance, and Flora Macfarlane may take a long time dying."

There was something in his voice which sounded like unbelief in my story still; but he turned away, and in my hurry and flurry it escaped my memory.

I had a multitude of domestic things to get through.

There was the dinner to order for Charlie.

He should have a nice roast fowl, and an apricot tart dashed with clotted cream, to console him for dining all alone.

Dining alone!

As I thought of my poor darling sitting down, dull and deserted, to his solitary meal, I burst again into tears, and it was some time before I grew calm enough to converse with the cook, and, with many prayers and the promise of a new cap-ribbon, to beg her consideration for Charlie's creature-comforts. He had not a soul above flesh-pots, dear fellow, and liked his eggs boiled just three minutes, and the bacon done to a turn: and who would attend to the minutiæ of all this? I wondered.

The tears came rushing up again, but I dashed them away, impatiently.

At last, after a dreadful afternoon, I put on my bonnet, with a thick veil, and an ulster, in which no one could tell whether I was myself or my grandmother, and I went slowly down to say good-bye to Charlie.

He was standing before the empty grate—for it was summer-time—with his coat-tails carefully elevated, and his face was so flushed I almost thought a fire must be there.

But no; it was evidently the pain of parting from me that had sent that blood to his cheeks.

Going to him, I got up on tiptoe—for he was very tall for a man and I was rather short for a woman—and I held up my mouth for a kiss.

"Good-bye," Etta," he said gravely, pretending not to see my lips, and just dropping a little kiss, like a fall of a rose-leaf, on my forehead. "Take care of yourself, and mind the instructions I give you. Keep your veil down; don't travel in the same carriage with man, woman, or child; don't look at or speak to any one *en route*, except the guard."

"Good-bye, Charlie!" I faltered. "I will mind everything you have said. Won't you kiss my lips before I go?"

He bent his head—then raised it quickly:

"No; I will kiss your lips when I see you again, provided you can swear that you have obeyed me to the very letter."

I looked longingly at the dear mouth, under the sweep of the long blonde moustache, like the Peri looked at the gate of Eden; but it was no good.

Charlie was obdurate; so, arming myself with my Gladstone, I got into the fly, and was driven off—my neck craning for a last look at my sweet little home, where I had been so happy, in spite of jealousy.

All the way to London I lay back on my cushions with my eyes half-closed, thinking how Charlie would get on without me.

I wanted him to be comfortable, but still I wanted him to miss me; and with a sigh I wished myself back on my own particular footstool at his feet, where we were wont to sit and talk nonsense, and be as merry as a couple of children every evening, while he smoked his post-prandial pipe of peace.

I was quite sorry when the light and bustle of King's Cross roused me out of my reverie.

It was ten o'clock, and I had to sit two whole hours in the waiting-room before I started in the night express.

It was a weary time, but between nibbling three or four dry buns, and studying the advertisements on the walls, of Old Calabar and Spratt's dog-biscuits profusely illustrated by some remarkably fat specimens of the canine race, and Mrs. Allen's hair restorer, varied by little scraps of scripture, I managed to get through, as you Yankees say.

Five minutes to twelve by the big clock found me on the platform, with an assiduous guard, who ushered me into a first-class railway car—having first examined, at my timid request, under the seats and between the cushions; my nervousness having persuaded me that a man on evil thoughts intent possessed the properties of india-rubber and could inflate or collapse at will.

"Lock me in, guard," I said, in my most plausible voice; and taking a shilling from my purse, I dropped it into his ready palm.

"All right, mum," he replied, with a beaming smile; but a feeling of doubt crept into my mind as I marked that he had sandy hair and brows and lashes, and a little, insignificant, turned-up nose—traits that always suggested insecurity to me. I glanced surreptitiously first at the windows to see that no one was looking, then at my watch—it wanted but one minute and a quarter to starting; and I composed myself comfortably for my journey, my heart at ease that Charlie's instructions would be carried out to the very letter.

Then, just as the minute and a quarter came to an end, the door suddenly opened with a horrid click, and a man strode in, and the door was locked again once more by the faithless sandy guard.

The man went past me, and flung himself into the end seat, on the opposite side of the car, while, sick and trembling with fright, I heard the shrill whistle, the continuous "puff-puff," and we were off.

I sat perfectly still; my hands and feet seemed, frozen my heart was afraid to beat, I never moved my head or my eyes the hair-breadth of an inch; and in this way an hour—sixty whole minutes—went slowly by.

At last, in spite of myself—in spite of Charlie's orders that I should look at no one—dread made me glance just a little to the right.

Good gracious!

A huge creature, wrapped in a coarse frieze coat that hid his real proportions, and dangled down to his heels; his collar well-up; and a sort of dreadful elastic cap in gray silk—like those used at hangings, I was sure—drawn tightly over his head, with a square aperture in it, revealing a pair of eyes screwed up curiously, and a nose, well even my forebodings acknowledged it to be tolerable!

Was it Calcraft? I wondered. But no; with a little compunction, I felt relief as I remembered he was dead.

Was it Marwood?

It was no use conjecturing: I only remembered that I was alone with a strange man at midnight—a ruffian, a murderer, perhaps!

The night wore on. Afraid to be caught looking in his direction, I kept my regard steadily fixed on one particular button in the opposite cushion.

I was tired to death, but slumber was luxury that in my miserable condition of terror could not come near my eyelids. Presently I heard a little movement.

Up to this time my companion had sat like a lay-figure—not a single motion of arms, or legs, or body had he made.

There had been nothing to denote that he was alive, in fact, except the queer screwed-up eyes, that I felt were staring, staring at me till my blood ran cold in my veins.

The movement roused me into looking straight at him.

Charlie had said I was not to speak or look at any one, and I was directly disobeying him.

But I could not help it—I looked, and my eyes fastened on the creature, and would not be moved.

Slowly he pulled off his elastic cap until a shock head of coarse black hair, worn without any parting, like a German, met my view; then he pushed down his collar, and an immense pair of wiry whiskers, bulky and of dense black, with a moustache to suit, appeared.

"Fine night, mum!"

I did not answer. My tongue clove to my mouth—it seemed paralyzed, in fact—and a ball went up to my throat, choking me.

"Fine night, mum!"

He might have lauded the fineness of the night until doomsday, for all the reply he was to have.

Charlie had desired that I was not to speak to any one, and that instruction I was resolved to adhere to. No one could make me speak.

"Did you ever hear of birds that can sing and won't sing, mum? We make them sing, you know," he said, in a quiet bloodthirsty way, in a thick guttural voice that made me shiver and squeeze into my corner, occupying half the space that my normal proportions generally required. Still I never uttered a word.

Then he got up, shook himself like a great Newfoundland dog, and deliberately took his seat next to mine.

Heavens!

I could feel his breath on my cheek, but I was so frightened I grew almost unconscious.

"Give me your hand at once!" he shouted through the noise and shaking and bumping of the express.

Shaking in every limb, with dilated eyes, I stared at him; but I kept my two hands firmly under my ulster.

"Are you not afraid of death?" he asked, in a hushed tone.

I was! I was! for I should never, never see Charlie any more. But yet some feeling of obedience and loyalty prevented me from answering and pleading for dear life.

"Look!" and the man showed me something that shone—shone, with a cold, cold gleam, in his pocket. It was the end of a revolver!

My last hour had come—I was sure of it; so I determined to use it in saying a quiet good-bye to Charlie.

"Listen!" and the great hand with a red worsted mitten upon it clutched hold of my arm. "I have followed you into this car. Your fair face has taken my fancy, and I never let my fancy be baulked. I will not lose sight of you now, I swear to you. I will stick to you all my life; and if you try and leave me I will murder you, as sure as my name is F. M."

"F. M!"

I started and shuddered. I saw it all! F. M. was a man after all—a man who had tricked me, deluded me, and brought me here to die; so I just sent up a prayer and shut my eyes.

"You shall speak to me, you shall kiss me or I will kill you now!" he cried, and he seized me in his arms. I kept my face averted and struggled hard.

"Kiss me at once!"

I would not have kissed him for the world, though he had taken the revolver out and was holding it close—close to my temple.

The train suddenly stopped, and in the twinkling of an eye I had dragged down the window, and, with my head out of it, was shouting "Murder! Murder!" at the top of my voice.

A rush of people, a frantic struggle to open the door, a gleam of lights, a buzz of voices, bewildered and blinded me.

Then I turned round, and saw only Charlie in the same railway carriage as myself—Charlie, with his handsome face and his deep gray eyes, his fair curly hair and sweeping moustache, and a smile on his chiselled lips.

I tottered towards him—not unconscious, but with a dazed stunned feeling in my mind and brain, and fell into his arms.

"Anything the matter, sir?" cried half a dozen voices.

"Nothing. Only my wife has been suffering from brain-fever, and been delirous in her sleep. She is awake now, and smiling, you see."

And obedient to him always, I smiled at the gaping crowd.

Then, when the express dashed on again, I lay in my husband's arms, looking up in his dear face, while he rained down kisses on my lips.

"I did it to try you, little woman. I wanted to cure myself of jealousy—which is the only ruffle on our smiling sea—and I thought if I could prove you true and loyal, I should be cured. You are true and good, my darling—as true as steel, as good as gold—and I'll never doubt you again."

I smiled, but I shivered too.

Charlie drew me close to him.

"Poor little one! not even this could make her lips unfaithful to her husband;" and he touched the revolver.

"Where did you get the hair and whiskers, Charlie, and that horrid, horrid cap?" I whispered, with awe still lingering in my voice.

"Didn't you recognize them? They were what I wore as Don Whiskerando at the amateur theatricals last month, and the cap is one that my mother knitted me for travelling."

Of course!

And how the dear familiar things, that stared at me day after day when I put Charlie's clothes in order, had sent me blind and mad with fright!

"You will never try me again, Charlie?" I coaxed.

"Never, my own!—until—next time," he laughed.

And when we reached Banchory, Flora Mactarlane was better, and Charlie took her to his heart at once, for through her he had discovered that his wife was "far above rubies."

Just in Time.

BY HAROLD W. INGALLS.

"JUST a year to-day since I first hung up my door-plate," mused Bob Atherton, tilting back his chair to get a better view of the office calendar. "One year, and Squire Perry the only paying client in all that time. A pleasant prospect," said the young man, half aloud, "a very pleasant prospect."

Yet as the bewitching face of Avis Doane flashed across his mental vision in vague connection with his concluding remarks, the gentle irony therein implied may have had a two-fold meaning.

For in the short space of twelve calendar months Bob Atherton contrived to not only fall desperately in love with Avis Doane, who was the daughter and sole heir of wealthy Archibald Doane, himself a legal practitioner of many years standing, but had also won from the young lady herself a blushing assurance of reciprocal affection.

Squire Perry, a wealthy and slightly eccentric old bachelor, was Mr. Doane's legal rival.

The strong feeling of mutual dislike which existed between them was attributed by Seavilliana to a love affair of former years in which Mr. Doane was supposed to have had the best end of the bargain.

Be this as it may, as soon as Squire Perry discovered the other's expressed dislike, and his daughter's decided preference, for young Atherton's society, he became one of his warmest friends.

It was plain to see that some unusual purpose was struggling for utterance under Squire Perry's voluminous vest, as he entered the Atherton office on the morning when my story begins.

"Bob," suddenly exclaimed the squire, sitting bolt upright, and knocking the poker over with a crash, "why don't you marry Avis Doane?"

With a very red face, Bob intimated in a slightly sarcastic tone, his perfect readiness to go through with the ceremony in question, provided some benevolent party would present him with a few hundred dollars, propitiate the young lady's father, obtain his consent, and——

"Nonsense," sharply interrupted Squire Perry. "His consent, indeed! Just get Avis's consent, and then come to me. I'm a justice of the peace, and will tie the knot good and strong—so strong that Archibald Doane can't untie it, however much he may wish. Call this my whim, if you like," continued the Squire, disregarding Bob's petrified stare, "but if you'll agree to carry it out, I'll agree to take you into partnership. Come now."

Whatever Squire Perry's motive might have been, it was evident that he was sincere in his offer.

And after a lengthy conversation, Bob said that he'd talk it over with Avis, which he did that very night.

And whether his arguments were legal or lover-like, his pleadings special or personal, it matters not.

For he succeeded in convincing Avis, who had a slight spice of romance in her nature, that it was her bounden duty to exchange an unhappy home for a happy one—an indifferent parent for a devoted husband.

* * * * * *

Half-past eleven o'clock, P.M., and at the witching hour of twelve Avis had promised to be at the front gate of the Doane homestead, before which Bob Atherton had been impatiently pacing a full hour ahead of time.

The two were to proceed directly to Squire Perry's, and as soon as the matrimonial knot was tied they purposed to take the 12.30 train for the city, leaving the conventional letter expressive of penitence, and asking forgiveness, etc.

And on their return should her father prove obdurate—as would very likely be the case—the young couple were to board for a time at the nearest hotel.

As he nervously paced to and fro his attention was suddenly arrested by a light which seemed to be moving from room to room.

His first thought was that Mr. Doane had discovered the contemplated elopement, when the light-bearer flitted swiftly by the uncurtained upper window of an entry leading, as Bob well knew, to Mr. Doane's sleeping apartment.

By the brief glimpse thus afforded Bob saw a heavily-built, broad-shouldered man, whose features were modestly concealed from view by a black half-mask.

Only a moment did Bob hesitate.

Possessing himself of a stout green beech sapling, he speedily found and entered the open kitchen-window through which the burglar had made his way, and slipping off his boots, Bob stole softly up the back stairway.

Through the door of Mr. Doane's room, which was slightly ajar, he saw a rather exciting tableau.

He was just in time.

The old gentleman, minus a wig and plus a crash towel fastened gag-wise between his jaws, was sitting upright in bed, his hands being neatly tied behind him, and his face expressive of dumbly apoplectic wrath.

For by the light of a partially lowered lamp, the broad-shouldered man was glancing over a package of bills and bonds, which he had taken from the open tin trunk before him, as with a view of ascertaining such as might be the most negotiable.

But the burglar, thus peaceably engaged, had not taken into consideration the fact that old Mr. Doane had a remarkably good set of teeth of his own.

And suddenly, having fairly gnawed the towel in twain, the elder lawyer let a scream escape him that would have done credit to an insane locomotive.

With a terrible oath the man sprang to the bedside, and his muscular hand was already gripping Mr. Doane's throat, when the green sapling, with Bob Atherton as its motive power, fell upon his head in a most unexpected and unpleasant manner.

Giving vent to a brief but expressive groan, he fell backward, just as pretty Avis, in a flood of hysteric tears and a travelling suit, rushed into the room.

Mr. Doane had lost no time meanwhile.

As Bob, with the assistance of the hired man, who had arrived, released the lawyer from his bonds and transferred them to the prostrate burglar, he had sprung from the bed, and in a very airy costume began to hastily run over his packages of money, regardless of the fact that Avis was sobbing on his shoulder.

"There, there!" testily exclaimed Mr. Doane, "it's all right. Run away, Avis—'hundred 'n ten, twenty, twenty-five—— Bless my soul, what under the canopy does this mean, Avis Doane?"

For poor Avis, thus repulsed, had sought refuge in Bob Atherton's all too ready arms, and the last part of Mr. Doane's speech was due to having witnessed this little circumstance, which he regarded with a petrified stare, while Joshua Jones, the hired man, looked on with a countenance expressive of extreme approval.

But the cat having been thus metaphorically released from the bag, Bob was obliged to explain the situation, with a few slight embellishments.

And were I writing a purely fictitious story, it would be at this point that I should represent Dr. Doane as suddenly relenting towards the preserver of his life, and with a benevolent smile, rejoining the hands of the young couple, murmuring—

"Bless you, my children."

But Mr. Doane, who was an eminently practical man, did nothing of the kind.

He simply sent Avis back to her room and Josh Jones after the magistrate, and locked up his money, all with a most inscrutable expression of countenance.

Then, with presumable reference to the love affair, remarking that "he'd see to-morrow," he gave the magistrate, who had by this time arrived on the scene, some orders as to the disposition of his prisoner, dismissed Bob with a curt "good night," locked the door and went to bed, thereby frustrating a romantic elopement, and causing bitter disappointment to Squire Perry, who waited for the young couple till nearly morning.

But Mr. Doane relented, as obdurate parents occasionally do, under certain conditions, and especially after he had learned that Squire Perry purposed keeping his promise of the partnership, notwithstanding the non-fulfilment of Bob's part of the bargain.

"The old fellow didn't come it after all," Mr. Doane grimly chuckled, after having discovered Squire Perry's plan.

For it seems that the Squire had proposed getting even with his ancient adversary who, years before, had won Avis's mother, with whom the Squire was desperately in love, by a system of strategy peculiar to himself by assisting Bob to steal Mr. Doane's daughter.

But after the marriage, a reconciliation was brought about between the two old gentleman by Bob himself, who eventually succeeded to the legal practice of both.

SWORD-SWEARING BY THE ANCIENTS.—Of swearing on the sword we have an interesting instance in the life of the great Gustavus Vasa, of Sweden. In 1540 he assembled the States, in which it was decided that the monarchy should be hereditary; whereupon the King drew his sword, and extended it before him saying, "In the name of the Holy Trinity, and by the power of Almighty God, who hath bestowed on us our children, and hath caused them to be the heirs of the Swedish Empire, we stretch over you the sword of justice, as a testimony from us and our heirs, to you and all our subjects, faithfully to guide, guard and rule you; and for confirmation, stand forth each one of you, and touching the sword with your corporeal fingers, thus repeat the oath of truth and fidelity, that to us and to our heirs you have freely offered." Hearing this the States approached—Senators, nobles, citizens.

TRAVELING HUMAN NATURE.—There are perhaps few things which one comes across in every day life better calculated to give an insight into the weaker side of human nature than the Visitor's Book kept at a Continental hotel. In it one sees the obvious wish of the writer to present himself or herself to the world in some particular light. It need scarcely be said that the form adopted is not generally that of self-abasement. Thus the signature of "J. C. Colman, M. P., *pour* Norwich," at an obscure inn in Switzerland, points unmistakably to the newly-fledged member of Parliament, anxious to dazzle the world with his rank and importance. Another entry refers to the advent of a citizen of the Great Republic: "W. Holden, U. S. of America, arrived with four-in-hand."

Scientific and Useful.

PERSPIRING HANDS.—The only effective method of preventing excessive perspiration is to mix club-moss in water when washing them. They should be washed two or three times a day in tepid water, with the club-moss, which need only be used in the morning.

GLYCERINE AND HOUSEWORK.—In performing housework the hands are frequently put into both hot and cold water. To prevent unpleasant effects upon the skin, use a few drops of glycerine frequently in wiping the hands, and it will restore the soft natural texture of the skin.

TO REMOVE WARTS.—To destroy warts dissolve as much common washing soda as the water will take up; wet the warts with this for a minute or two, and let them dry without wiping. Keep the water in a bottle and repeat the washing often, and it will, it is said, take away the largest warts.

FOR CLEANING PAINT.—Dissolve two ounces of soda in a quart of hot water, which will make a ready and useful solution for cleaning old painted work preparatory to repairing. The mixture, in the above proportions, should be used when warm, and the woodwork afterwards washed with water to remove the remains of the soda.

FAC-SIMILES OF SIGNATURES, &c.—Write the name, &c., on paper, and while the ink is still wet, shake over it some finely-powdered gum arabic. Then make a rim round it, and pour on it some fusible alloy in a liquid state. Impressions may be taken from the plates formed as above, by means of printing-ink and the copper-plate press.

MOTHER-OF-PEARL.—A German scientist after a series of experiments extending over several years, has succeeded in producing artificial mother-of-pearl undistinguishable in every respect from the natural article. It can be moulded in any shape, produced in any color, is impervious to heat and cold, and its price will be much less than that of ordinary mother-of-pearl.

GLASS BOTTLES.—To break a glass bottle or jar across its circumference: Place the bottle in a vessel of water to the height where it is designed to break it: also fill the bottle to the same level. Now pour coal oil inside and out on the water; cut a ring of paper fitting the bottle. Saturate with alcohol or benzine, so that it touches the oil. Pour, also, some inside the bottle. Set on fire; the cold water prevents the glass from heating below its surface, while the expansions caused by the heat will break the vessel on the water line.

VARNISHED FURNITURE.—This may be finished off so as to look equal to the best French polished wood, in the following manner: Take two ounces of tripoli, powdered; put it into an earthen pot, with just enough water to cover it; then take a piece of white flannel, lay it over a piece of cork or rubber and proceed to polish the varnish, always wetting it with the tripoli and water. It will be known, when the process is finished by wiping a part of the work with a sponge, and observing whether there is a fair even gloss. When this is the case take a bit of mutton suet and fine flour, and clean the work. The above process is suitable to other varnished surfaces.

Farm and Garden.

LIME.—The general effect of lime is to render available the plant food already in soil, without itself supplying any significant amount. Liming cannot, therefore, be successfully repeated except at considerable intervals.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—The growth of plants of all kinds can be stimulated by the electric light. As is well known, plants grow all the year round in tropical regions, and the electric light over glass, kept burning all night, will keep plant life active during the winter months.

TRANSPLANTING.—It is immaterial at what time vegetables are transplanted, provided they are not too large and the ground is warm and mellow; but they should never be transplanted in a rain-storm, when the ground is puddly. If transplanted when it is warm and mellow root action begins at once.

GROUND CORN AND OATS.—When corn and oats are ground up together they afford an excellent feed for horses, when fed with hay or wheat straw which furnish bulk. when the grain is so ground together, in equal parts by weight, 10 pounds of it, with 20 pounds of cut straw mixed with it, will make three fair rations, or one day's feed for an average horse having any moderate exercise.

POULTRY.—Poultry raising should be encouraged. It can can be so managed as to give light employment to females and children, and is within the reach of those with limited means. Long before Americans discovered that there was a great secret in poultry raising, the French put in operation a method that enables them to ship eggs to England, Germany and Austria, as well as to supply a large demand at home.

TO TIGHTEN FENCE WIRE.—Take a round piece of hickory or oak, three or four feet long, and three inches in diameter; cut a slot in one end one fourth of an inch wide, and six or eight inches long; put in a handle the same as a post auger and it is complete. Stretch the wire and go to the post that is well braced; draw up the wire and slip the wire into the slot, and take a lever purchase, and twist the wire until tight enough, and drive in the staples to hold it.

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SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 22, 1882.

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THE GREAT AND THE LITTLE.

Some men are great in a small way, or perhaps in only one way, and many are regarded as great for a little while, who soon collapse and vanish out of sight, forever. They are popular because they are not really great. They have, however, all the gift of presenting the prevailing ideas in an attractive form—never firing too high or too low, but always hitting midway, where the crowd stand.

A truly great man is one who deals with great things. Doing small things well is not the province of a hero. We may admire the skill of a man who can carve a landscape on a cherry-stone, but we would not go far to see him. The most minute details are not despised by a great mind, but its greatness is manifested in adjusting the relations of these details, and revealing the principles upon which they are based. The mark of a bird-track on the rock, the twitching of a frog's leg when brought in contact with certain metals, the fall of an apple from a tree, the swinging of a lamp in an old church, may suggest the solution of some grand problem, but only to the eye of an Agassiz, a Galvani, a Newton, or a Galileo. It is only as "parts of one stupendous whole" that a man regards the minute things of the universe; he studies the parts in order to find out what the whole means.

He has a large as well as a clear vision. Some people see distinctly enough, but they do not see very far. His eye sweeps the horizon. He sees things afar off, and sometimes discerns that which has not yet come into the plane of the visible horizon. He knows what is coming by what has already come. He is a prophet, because he is a seer.

The great man is one who is ruled by ideas,—not by the dictates of a narrow policy, not by fossilized traditions, not by the popular sentiment, not by conventional dogmas. He shapes the epochs of the world, and gives his name to the age in which he lives. Of course he is always ahead of the age, and for this reason his greatness may not be recognized until long after he is dead.

The greatest men are likely to lead lonely lives. They must learn to stand alone. Some men are great because of what they think, and others because of what they do; but the greatest are those who combine thought with action. Behind every great performance there must be a great conception, and behind all there must be a great man.

SANCTUM CHAT.

ABOUT fifty women graduates of various colleges recently met at Boston to discuss the higher education of women. It was decided that physical culture is the great necessity for American women, and the establishment of a department of physical education in the schools was urged.

—

SYSTEMATIC experiments upon pigs are being made at Paris by a group of scientific men, with a view of ascertaining the precise action of alcohol upon the processes of digestion, respiration and secretion. In a very interesting paper on these experiments, one author states, with a touch of unconscious humor, that the pig has been chosen to be experimented upon because the pig is the only animal that will ungrudgingly consent to be dosed with alcohol.

—

ROBERT BUCHANAN, in his forthcoming novel, "The Martyrdom of Madeleine," has made his plot, he says, "turn upon the fatal mischief done by 'newspaper gossip,' recklessly and thoughtlessly scattered abroad for the gratification of a modern school for scandal. Now, as hitherto, I hate the system—not the men who live by it—who have many redeeming good qualities, and seem more or less unconscious of the ruin they daily cause to the lives and reputations of their fellow-creatures."

—

THE Postmaster-General of England said in the House of Commons the other day that the female telegraphists and clerks employed in the Post-Office had given general satisfaction. So much was that the case that the employment of women had gradually and steadily extended. Any claims they had to promotion would be carefully considered, and he could really give an assurance that he would lose no opportunity of extending the employment of women whenever it could be done with advantage to the public service.

—

A MASSACHUSETTS judge, in a case where a wife sought separation from her husband for having shaken her, ruled that any unjustifiable personal violence on the part of the husband gave ground for the wife's living apart. As the law acts on the supposition that the husband is the proper master of the house, it should insure that he shall not use his power injuriously. In commenting on the evidence, he remarked that the fact that the wife was nervous and irritable only gave reason for more tender care on the part of the husband.

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ACCORDING to a recent calculation, the total amount of paper made in the world from all kinds of materials is 1,800,000,000 pounds, of which half is used for printing purposes, a sixth for writing purposes, and the remainder for miscellaneous purposes. For government purposes 200,000,000 pounds are used; for instruction, 180,000,000 pounds; for commerce, 240,000,000 pounds; for industrial manufacture, 180,000,000 pounds; for private correspondence, 100,000,000 pounds, and for printing 900,000,000 pounds. These 1,800,000,000 pounds of paper are produced in 3,950 manufactories, employing 90,000 men, and 180,000 women.

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SUNDAY dinners in England have increased and multiplied in the last few years in a very appreciable degree. Among actors the Sabbath has always been devoted to social enjoyments. To politicians it has presented the same opportunities, but it is only of late that these have been thoroughly understood and extensively utilized. Fifteen or twenty years ago Cabinet Ministers were not in the habit of entertaining or of being entertained to anything like the same extent that they are at present. The political dinner party on Sunday has become as much of an institution, says a prominent London paper, as the theatrical.

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A FRENCH physician loved a neighbor named Navarre, and as a delicate compliment likely to captivate her fancy and propitiate her father, he gave to a liquor which he had compounded especially to suit the taste of ladies the euphonious name of "Navarrine." The scheme worked admirably, and ere long the lover found himself an accepted suitor, and, moreover, growing rich from sales of his inamorata's namesake. But a malicious journalist got hold of this romantic love story, and by ill-natured comments thereupon largely reduced the doctor's profits. An action for defamation went against the plaintiff, who is likely to lose all the benefits of his ingenuity, including his prospective wife.

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A society of French boxers is about to proceed to England from Paris to defy the British bruisers. The French method owes its origin to the ancient manner known as the "savate." The feet as well as the hands, are used in the fight, as the name indicates. The professors of "savate," of which there are many in full employment in Paris, declare that the leg and foot should be the principal dependence in the combat, and that the hands and arms should be only their agents. An Englishman, they say, loses all the advantage to be derived from the muscles of the leg, while the Frenchman relies on them alone—the hands being evidently intended by nature to be used for defense only, and not for attack.

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THERE is no danger that children can sleep too much. The old proverb, "Who sleeps, eats," is illustrated in those little ones who sleep most. Wakeful children are always peevish, irritable and lean. If they can be induced to sleep abundantly, they are quite likely to become good-natured and plump. Their sleep should be as much during the hours of darkness as possible, and therefore it is better that they should go to bed before sunset to have their sleep out than to sleep long after sunrise in the morning. It is well to let any healthful, growing child or young person sleep until he wakes himself, and then give him such a variety and amount of out-door exercise as shall make him glad when bedtime returns.

—

OSCAR WILDE is lecturing a second time in some of the Western cities. On these re-appearances he wears a suit of dark velvet knee breeches, black silk stockings, white gloves, and a bunch of lace at his throat. The new lecture is on the aesthetics of dwellings, and contains a passage on American taste, which, as delivered in Chicago, is reported as follows: "When the lecturer entered a room in America he saw a carpet of vulgar pattern; he saw, perhaps, a cracked plate on a wall with a peacock's feather stuck behind it; he sat down on a badly-glued, machine-made chair that creaked upon being touched; he saw a gaudy gilt horror in the shape of a mirror, and a cast-iron monstrosity in the place of a chandelier. Nearly everything he saw was made to sell."

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IN the discussion of the sanitary defects of school-houses sufficient attention has not been paid to the desks. It is manifest that if two children who differ in height by a foot or more sit at desks of the same height, one or both of them must suffer physically. Doubtless a vast number of round shoulders have resulted from this unnatural arrangement, and a physician who has lately examined the school children of Harrisburg is convinced that it is a prolific cause of defective vision. A little fellow who can just get his chin above the top of his desk, and a strapping youngster whose head towers above his book like a giraffe's, are both compelled to abuse their eyes to improve their minds, and this is no fair exchange, but a decided robbery.

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THE novel and interesting process announced some time since, in France, by which the wool on sheepskins may be transformed into velvet, is likely to prove of industrial importance. Up to the present time sheepskins, tanned with the wool on, have only been used for mats, linings of coats, etc., etc., and the wool, not having been subjected to any preparation, is always matted or curled. Observing that the innumerable fibres are naturally disposed in the most regular and perfect order, peculiarly fit for velveting, an ingenious chemist conceived the idea of cleansing the skin and wool of all impurities, and of so preparing and dressing them that the hairs would be well preserved, and not entangled one with the other—the occurrence of the latter contingency being, of course, fatal to the success of the operation. After long and continuous experiments, success has been achieved, the article produced being alike beautiful and serviceable, and destined, it is thought, to become a permanent and important article of manufacture.

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A GREAT deal has been recently written on the subject of boring the ears "for the sake of the eyes," says a prominent London paper. It is always easy to find excuses for any practice which ministers to vanity. That the counter irritation set up by boring the ear and wearing the ring may, during the few days following the operation, have some effect on the eyes, supposing these organs to be the seat of any low form of inflammation, is just possible, but that permanent good should be done by wearing rings in the ears after they have ceased to irritate, is inconceivable. The test for motive in the recourse to this device would therefore be willingness on the part of the applicant for this form of "treatment" to allow the healing process to be delayed, say by wearing a rough ring dipped in some irritating application—in short, so prepared as to act like a seton! This, indeed, might do good, but in such a case probably recourse to a few blisters behind the ears would be better. It is nonsense to suppose the wearing of ear-rings can be of any service to the eyes unless they irritate; and if they do irritate, the process by which the result attributed to them is obtained is circuitous, and, from a surgical point of view, awkward in the extreme. Science cannot prostitute truth to fashion even in so small a matter as the wearing of ear-rings.

—

FEW human thieves are more expert than are monkeys in stealing. They are adepts with their fingers, and in the use of strategy which comes from cunning and thorough knowledge of monkey nature. A traveler, while passing through an African forest, saw an amusing illustration of their thieving ability. He and his escort came across a number of monkeys engaged in gathering fruit. Some had fruit not only in both hands and under their arms, but their cheek-pouches were also distended with it. Among them was a gourmand, who, while leaning against a tree, crunching fruit, was also busy in looking after that which he held under his armpits. His attitude attracted the attention of two of his companions. They gravely consulted together, and then separated, each hiding his fruit under roots. One, by walking sideways, so as not to excite attention, appeared, as if by accident, in front of the gourmandizing monkey, the accomplice meanwhile hiding himself behind a neighboring tree. After awhile the gourmand's attention was attracted by the antics of the monkey in front. The antics became insults, and at last the gourmand, losing his temper, threw down all the fruit and rushed at the offender. Immediately the other monkey pounced upon the fruit, and hid it in a hollow tree. But not satisfied with this exploit, he returned to where his companion hid his own fruit, and was busily engaged in transferring it to another place, when he was caught. A fight then ensued, in which each administered sundry bites and scratches to the other.

ONLY ONE KISS.

BY F. W. WEATHERLY.

Only one moment, when hand touched hand,
  Each heart gave a throb of bliss;
And eye to eye told a strange new truth—
  'Twas only one single kiss;
One single kiss! but it thrilled two souls
  With a joy akin to pain;
It had waked to life an unknown love,
  That might never sleep again.

The first, the last; but two whole lives
  Were changed from that very hour;
Brought to a knowledge bitter, yet sweet,
  By its subtle, mystic power.
Only one moment, and was it their sin
  That they, in an hour like this,
Should read the truth of each other's heart
  By the charm of a single kiss?

Only one kiss! But through all their lives
  Though never again they meet—
O'er mountains and seas, through time and space,
  They'll keep the remembrance sweet
Of the breathless sense of exquisite pain
  That blinded their eyes with mist;
Each pulse will bound with electric fire
  At thought of that single kiss.

The Queen's Son.

BY KATE KINGSLEY.

ONCE UPON a time the son of the Queen of the water fairies fell in love with a mortal maiden. When she passed over the stream where he lived in her little boat, he often used to follow it singing melodiously, and now and then showing his beautiful face above the water, and more than once he had cast into her lap long strings of pearls or coral, or ornaments made of rare shells or great changeful opals.

But Hilda had heard of the wiles of the water fairies, and how Danish maidens had been charmed into the stream by the song and the gifts of the handsome water men and never more been seen upon earth.

So, though she was but a poor girl, she always cast these precious gifts back again, and muttered over and over the charm that drove these water fairies away.

But the water queen's son was determined not to be outwitted; so one day he went to his mother, the queen, and said to her, "Mother, I am in love with a mortal girl named Hilda. I have courted her as we court these mortal maidens, but she will have nothing to say to me. She throws my gifts back into the water, and utters words that send me back into the sea when I sing to her. I am your eldest son, and I ask you to help me to win her."

The water queen loved her son dearly, so she promised him that she would do what he asked, and went to work at once. By the power of her magic, she made out of nothing but water a great white horse, with a flowing mane and tail, and saddled and and bridled him superbly. Then she dressed her son in all the splendor possible, and bade him mount the water horse.

"Ride away, my son," she said, "and trust to me. You shall have that stupid Danish girl, if you care for her; though why you do it, is past my power to discover. The water fairies are each one twenty times prettier, and twenty times more charming; but a wilful man must have his way, and I only hope it will turn out well." With which pious wish the prospective mother-in-law swam away.

The son at once mounted his fine magic horse, which instantly started for the land. No one would ever have guessed that it was made of water, and as it pranced along people came to their doors and windows to admire both animal and rider. No one had ever seen such a splendid creature before.

Now it was the Sabbath, and all the good people were gone to church, so the water horse, who had had his instructions from the water queen, made his way straight to the church, and there paused, and the handsome young stranger alighted and walked in.

All were at prayer. He also knelt down. So devout a young man was never seen. He listened to the service until it was over in the most seemly manner. No one could have guessed that he had never attended worship before.

But when the preaching, the prayer, and the singing were quite over, he arose in all his bravery and strode across the benches and up the aisle, and stood before the pew where Hilda sat.

"Maiden, I am a young prince from a far-off land," he said, "and I have come to ask your hand in marriage. I have heard of you from others, but they did not tell me all your charms, if you are, as I believe, Hilda Van Haden."

The girl, at this address, blushed rosy red and cast down her eyes, but her old mother and father, very poor and humble people, arose and curtsied and bowed.

"The gracious and high-born prince is very condescending to our poor little daughter," the father said.

"Oh, very, indeed," said the mother, "though, to be sure, so lowly and humbly brought up. Hilda is very like what I was at her age."

And all the good, honest people in the church ducked and bowed before the disguised water man, who bore himself grandly, and bowed to them all, and then to the pastor.

"Sir," he said, "as this maiden's parents are willing, and the maiden does not repulse me, will you marry us to-day? My country is far away, and I have very little time to tarry."

Now the pastor, though an excellent and wise old man, was also impressed by the fine appearance of the stranger; and if a prince had come from a foreign land to marry poor little Hilda Van Haden, surely he should have his way, and he must not stand between the child and her good fortune.

So he also bowed, and replied that if the young girl was willing, and her parents consented, he would marry them then and there.

As for Hilda, she kept saying to herself over and over again, "Oh, that a prince from a foreign land should have come all this way to marry poor little me!" and quite forgot poor Ivar, the carpenter, to whom she was soon to be betrothed.

He, furious though he was, dared not lift his voice against this prince in all his splendor, supported by parents, pastor, and the girl herself as he was.

He sat, angry and trembling, in his place while the water man took from his pockets the very pearls that Hilda had cast back into the water to him, and put them about her neck, her hair, and her arms, so that she sparkled in the sun and looked lovelier than ever—never guessing what they were that she took so gladly, for how could a young prince from a foreign land have any connection whatever with a water man?

There she stood, in her pearls, and the bridegroom scattered silver amongst the guests, and gave the pastor a great purse full of gold, and led his bride towards the door. There stood the water horse, splendidly caparisoned.

He arched his neck and pranced. He certainly was a horse fit for a prince.

The prince mounted.

"Now up behind me, my pretty bride," he said, "and good-bye, all ye good people."

And now realizing that Hilda was to be taken from them, the old father and mother burst into tears, and Ivar rushed towards the bride and uttered a wild imprecation, but the water man only laughed merrily.

Away he rode, his bride clinging to him, and the horse took his way straight to the sea.

The people followed. Where could they be going? Surely some boat lay there; they would watch them embark.

But there was no boat; nothing but the seething waves, into which the horse plunged without hesitation.

One moment they saw him while amidst the white foam. The next he suddenly changed into a great mass of water, which mingled itself with the sea.

And ere she sank beneath it they saw Hilda clasped in the arms of a strange being, with a beautiful Nordish face, and heard her scream, "Ivar! Ivar! Save me from the water maid!"

All the gold that was in the pastor's purse, all the silver that had been given to the poor folk in the church, changed also into drops of water, and trickled away.

And though poor Ivar sat for many days beside the sea, neither he nor anyone else ever saw poor Hilda Van Haden again upon earth.

My Run For Life.

BY B. L. S.

I WAS YOUNG and careless at the time, but my "run for life" sobered me—at least for a few days.

I had just been newly imported from Scotland into the South American town of Rosario, on the banks of the Rio Parana, a bright little port increasing in importance every year, and a central shipping depot for wool, grain and hides brought from the many villages dotted over the surrounding prairies.

From Rosario I had a long journey before me, having to make my way, as best I could, to a hamlet rejoicing in the euphonious title of Frayle Muerto, or, in English, "the Dead Monk," and situated in the province of Cordova, which adjoins that of Santa Fe, whose capital is Rosario.

Looking about me for some mode of conveyance into the interior, I was fortunate enough to fall in with a Mr. W., an Englishman, who had been for a long time in the country, and was starting next day with a troupe of mule-wagons for Cordova, the route to which place passed within a few miles of my destination.

I gladly arranged to accompany him; and the following morning saw me, seated in a covered cart drawn by mules, make my first entry on to the great flat pampas that, relieved by occasional patches of forest, stretch for hundreds of miles, away to the foot of the mighty Cordilleras.

We had made an early start, and did not halt till sunset. Next morning we were off again by daybreak, and late in the afternoon of that day we arrived at a dilapidated looking hut, at which point, being the nearest to Frayle Muerto, I was to part company with my companion and his mule caravan.

While Mr. W. was arranging with the owner of the hut to supply me with a horse and a mounted guide, so that I might get over to my destination that same evening, I had time to look about me, and was greatly impressed with the forlorn-looking condition of my surroundings.

The rancho, or native hut, was a wretched structure, with mud walls and a clumsily thatched roof, and consisted of two rooms, one of the apartments evidently being used as a kitchen and bedroom, while the other appeared to be of a nondescript character.

Lounging about the gate of this yard were some half-dozen natives, or rather gauchos, as, judging from their appearance, they were more like partly civilized Indians.

The costume of each consisted of a red shirt, a pair of wide drawers, partly covered by a species of petticoat called a chiripa and the native cloak or poncho; a broad belt was worn round the waist, and a gaudily colored handkerchief tied over the head took the place of the Spanish sombrero.

Before parting with Mr. W., I took occasion to refund him some expenses he had incurred for me during our journey together, and when paying him I thoughtlessly exposed my purse, which was well lined with bright gold pieces, and I noticed that the eyes of some of the natives had been attracted towards us while we were settling accounts.

Whether Mr. W. saw this or not, I cannot say, but he did not leave the place until, after a hearty farewell between us, he saw me mounted and along with my guide fairly started for Frayle Muerto.

Although I had a little experience of riding in Scotland, this was my first "mount" in America, and neither the horse nor myself got on well together.

The native recado is very different from our home saddle, and sometimes, as in the present case, has only one little wooden stirrup, just large enough to admit of your big toe resting in while you mount.

There was nothing but open prairie to be seen, excepting to the westward, where I could see a long line of trees, and in their direction we were going.

I had just taken my last look at Mr. W.'s caravan, as, wending its way into a canada or slight depression in the prairie, it disappeared from my sight, when I was startled by loud shouts, and on looking back I saw some of the gauchos, whom I had left at the native hut, now mounted and galloping towards me.

On arriving at close quarters, they did all they could to frighten my horse, by swinging their lassos over their heads and cantering round me in a gradually lessening circle, my guide basely deserting me and joining in the attack.

This novel proceeding had the effect of making my horse plunge violently; and as I only knew very few words of the native language, I could hardly convince them by persuasive argument to desist.

In my attempts to keep my seat in the saddle, I foolishly tried to place my foot and my confidence in the wretched stirrup, which suddenly giving way, over I went, falling with my head downwards.

The shock stunned me for a short time, but I still held firm to the bridle, and so detained the horse from escaping. In a few minutes I managed to remount, and had no sooner done so, when, closing in on all sides, the gauchos actually "hounded" my horse back to the hut which I had so recently left.

The fall had stupefied me to such an extent that I did not properly realize my position until after the natives had pulled me off horseback and examined me if I had any firearms on my person.

I was the happy owner of a fine new revolver, but unfortunately it was useless to me then, being, along with the most of my baggage, safely stored in Rosario.

Satisfying themselves that I was unarmed, the gauchos pushed me into the room which I had previously noticed as answering to no particular description, and shutting the door, left me "alone in my glory."

After collecting my bewildered faculties as well as I could, I naturally began to think over the matter; but not deriving any satisfaction from its consideration, I took from my pocket a small edition of a book entitled "Easy Conversations in Spanish and English," which I had carried carefully with me since my arrival in the country, and diligently hunted up a few words which I thought applicable to my present situation.

The most *apropos* "conversation" I could find, however, was one supposed to be held on entering a hotel, which was hardly encouraging in the present state of affairs.

I had observed that the patron, or owner of the hut, with whom Mr. W. had settled preliminaries, had taken no active part in my imprisonment; so going to the door, which, having no lock, was easily opened, I shouted, in my most commanding tone, "Patron, patron!"

Presently Mr. "Patron" came, and I, book in hand for ready reference, commenced a violent protest against his unlooked-for hospitality, and I wound up by insisting to be sent on with a guide immediately.

As my oration was mostly English, and the remainder very questionable Spanish, it had the effect of irritating Mr. "Patron" sufficiently to cause him to shrug his shoulders significantly, and then hurry off, slamming the door behind him.

This proceeding disconcerted me most effectually; and when I began to think of the cunning way in which the gauchos had waited until Mr. W. and his caravan were out of sight and hearing before coming after me, my want of firearms, and their knowledge of my possessing gold, also my being an unknown stranger in these parts, and their own restless and irresponsible lives, having no particular homes or livelihood, I felt then that my first adventure in this new country might also be my last.

I recalled stories I had read and heard of these wild gauchos, their admiration of those of their number who had committed the most murders, their lawlessness and general indifference to bloodshed; and as I caused my blood to run cold with such recollections, I began to feel how helpless I was, and blame myself severely for not having taken the precautions adopted in these parts of going about well armed.

Looking out of the doorway, I observed the gauchos, who were standing a few yards off, talking earnestly to each other, and constantly glancing towards me.

The sun had now set, and it was quickly growing dark, the twilight being of very short duration in this country.

Taking out my case of cigarettes, I lit one, and began to walk quietly up and down in front of the hut, puffing away as unconcernedly as I possibly could: but each turn I took was a little longer than its predecessor, and the length was always increased towards the side on which lay the wood we had previously started for.

While pretending to be thinking of nothing in particular, but simply enjoying my evening smoke unconscious of danger, I lit my second cigarette, continuing my one-sided promenade, until my "tether" was being stretched to such an extent that I saw the gauchos were beginning to suspect me; so taking an extra long turn, and watching my opportunity, I simply "turned tail" and fled.

Running as fast as I possibly could straight for the distant forest, towards which we had originally set out, I never felt in such a hurry in all my life as I did on that occasion.

I knew I had a good start, but then the fleet horses of the gauchos! As I anticipated, in the hurry and confusion which my unlooked-for retreat produced, it was a little time before I saw myself pursued, and every moment was precious to me then.

During my schooldays racing had always been my favorite sport, and I made a good use of my practice now, especially when, on glancing over my shoulder, I saw some of the gauchos hurrying after me on horseback.

While straining every effort to increase my speed, I could not help constantly giving hasty looks behind; and I noticed that the gauchos were urging on their steeds with whip and spur while lying well forward, their ponchos flying behind with the wind, caused by their swift motion through the air.

I had by this time got very near to the wood, else I could not have seen it, as all daylight had already faded away.

I knew that once amongst the trees I could elude my pursuers where the scrub grew thickest, as they would not be able to follow me quickly on horseback; and if they dismounted I was fully equal to them, as, notwithstanding my long run, I still felt in good fettle.

Another spurt and I might gain the welcome shelter of the trees in time. I could now hear the snorting of the horses as well as the excited cries of their wild masters.

Another few yards and they would have run me down, when, with one great bound, I leapt over an old pile of dead branches, and dashed into a part of the wood where the undergrowth was heavy and the trees grew closely together.

I was now obliged to slacken my pace and thread my way with care through the luxuriant vegetation, trying to keep on in the same direction I had at first taken.

I could not now hear the shouts of the baffled gauchos, who had evidently given up the chase, or else were following me silently on foot; but this I thought very unlikely, as they rarely walk far, living, as they do, almost entirely on horseback.

With an easier mind, but trembling excessively, owing to the inevitable reaction which sets in after any great excitement, I now sauntered leisurely along, and was soon surprised and delighted to see some large fires in the wood, around which I trusted to find some rancheros or farmers camping out for the night.

I was advancing with a light heart, when, on a nearer inspection, I saw by the glare of the fires large groups seated in circles, seemingly enjoying a feast.

Two or three dogs, having scented a stranger, began to bark furiously, causing some of their masters to rise from their recumbent positions and gaze in my direction.

I knew they could not see me, as I stood in a dark recess of the wood; but observing now that the number of men was very great, I suddenly remembered that large bands of Indians made frequent incursions to these parts, stealing cattle, and often carrying off the wives and children belonging to the native farmers.

Knowing that the Indians had a deep-rooted hatred to foreigners, rarely allowing them to escape with their lives when captured, I, even in my extremity, thought of the old adage, "Out of the frying-pan into the fire," and almost wished myself back in the old rancho again.

Fortunately, however, I had evidently not been discovered; so off I set again, although fearing that perhaps while hurrying from the Indians I might rush into the clutches of the gauchos.

After some time, hearing no signs of pursuit, I slackened my pace, feeling unwilling to go very far, not knowing what I might next encounter.

I had not eaten anything all day, and I began to feel very hungry; I felt chilled as well, for it was midwinter, and, although the sun is strong during the day, the nights are often bitterly cold.

Being my first experience of a South American forest, and not knowing what class of ravenous beast inhabited such parts, I felt a sort of unconquerable dread creeping over me when any animal gave vent to its midnight howl, as I could not tell from what kind of brute the cry might emanate. I laugh when I think of it now; but, in good truth, the situation was decidedly unpleasant, especially to a mere boy, and in a country till then principally known to me through the agency of the school atlas.

Tired out at last with excitement and fatigue, I felt a drowsiness stealing over me too strong to be overcome; and, frightened to trust myself on the ground with all sorts of unknown animals prowling about in search of supper, I scrambled up a tall tree, and, settling myself away high up on two stout forked branches, fell asleep before I had time to properly close my eyes.

I did not slumber long, the cold was too intense, and I woke up frozen so stiff, that it was some time before I could move a limb.

I saw the danger of being "up a tree" on such a night; so painfully descending, I eventually got back some heat by hurrying onwards, where I could not tell.

Eventually I found myself on the banks of a river, and, as it seemed shallow, I determined to ford it.

As I waded across the cold stream, the stars appeared to twinkle more brightly, and, as I landed, I felt that I was on the right side this time.

Climbing up the bank, I found myself on a road, which quickly led me to some houses, in one of which I saw a light gleaming.

I soon was at the door, which I found open, and entering I saw some natives indulging in a game of billiards, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour.

The place was a billiard saloon, and the proprietor coming forward, I showed him a card on which was written the address of the resident in Frayle Muerto, whom I wished to meet.

He informed me, to my delight, that I was not only now safe in the village of the "Dead Monk," but close to my friend's house.

Before leaving the saloon, however, I explained how hungry I was, and the kind saloon-keeper placed before me all he had in his store, from which I made one of the heartiest meals I ever enjoyed, though it consisted of—raisins and brandy.

What a Dot Did.

BY O. W. BROWN.

DECEMBER and May, in the persons of Mr. Josiah Blend and Miss Barbara Paul, were united some half-dozen years ago in the holy bonds of matrimony.

Being a successful merchant, the aged Josiah was rich; and naturally their acquaintances concluded that his money was the chief attraction. Perhaps it was.

But whether money was at the bottom of it or not, the pair lived as happily and as lovingly as any two lovers could hope to do. This was so till a certain year, when two different circumstances conspired to bring matters to such a crisis, that a judicial separation seemed inevitable.

The two unhappy causes which threatened for the time being to end their married life, were very dissimilar in themselves, though in the end they got somewhat mixed up. They were — Barbara's cousin Charlie Robinson, and a telegram.

"Barbara," said the antique Josiah, one morning at the breakfast table, "I wish that cousin of yours, "Dear Charlie," as you call him—would not come here so often and monopolize so much of your time.

"I hate him, with his pretensions, his stuck-up airs, his general humbug. Why, I heard him call you his 'dear Babs' last night, when he wanted you to sing with him."

"You are not jealous?" laughed Barbara reproachfully; "surely not. That is the name he called me by when we were children. But I'll tell him you dislike it, and no doubt he'll desist."

"No," retorted Josiah angrily; "Better tell him never to come here again."

"I would rather not, if it please you; it would be very unnatural for me to do so."

"I do not refuse," continued Barbara, with considerable tact, going over and kissing him affectionately on the cheek—"I do not absolutely refuse; but I most respectfully decline."

Josiah was forced to smile at his wife's equivocation, and resolved to do the thing himself.

He did it neatly, too. He wrote to Charlie, saying, that in the future it would be esteemed a favor if at any time he intended calling, he would "send intimation of his intention beforehand, to prevent disappointment." Charlie took the hint, and did not call again.

A few months after this, Josiah caught a slight cold, and got otherwise out of sorts, so that the doctor ordered him change of air.

It so fell out that Barbara's mother took seriously ill at the same time; and as Barbara was an only daughter, she had to remain at her mother's bedside, and permit her husband to go away alone, of course on the understanding, that when her mother got better, she would at once hasten to her goodman.

Josiah went to a certain town on the coast which we shall call L——, and engaged rooms with his old friend Mrs. Meikle.

During the first week, he did not improve, though Mrs. Meikle was very attentive.

Several letters passed between man and wife, so that Barbara was advised as to his condition, and not a little anxious about him; but her mother was still dangerously ill.

Next week, her mother rallied, but Josiah got worse. At last he had a severe bilious attack, and was confined to bed, so that the presence of his wife was imperatively necessary.

He instructed Mrs. Meikle to telegraph for her; and this was the telegram which was delivered to his wife:

"Mrs. Meikle, L——, To Mrs. Blend, Woodburn House, Glasgow.—Your husband is dead. Come down at once."

Great consternation was the result. Mrs. Blend was fearfully shocked at the unexpected intelligence, and rendered well-nigh helpless.

Charlie was sent for and made the arrangements in connection with the funeral. He went to the cemetery that afternoon, and ordered the grave to be opened in three days; he put the usual notices in the papers issued the customary black-bordered announcements; went to the undertaker's and ordered a handsome coffin to be taken down to L——, by the first train in the morning; and indeed, did everything necessary with his usual business-like promptitude and despatch. Then he went to the telegraph office, and forwarded this message:

"Charles Robinson, Woodburn House, To Mrs. Meikle, L——.—Telegram received. Mrs. Blend very much grieved. Will be down by first train to-morrow. Do best you can till then."

Mrs. Meikle read the message to Josiah, who smiled sweetly at his wife's loving concern and wifely anxiety.

It was very good of her to be "much grieved," and to ask Mrs. Meikle to do all she could for him.

But he saw that the message was not from his wife, but from the hated Charlie Robinson.

The demon of jealousy took possession of his soul, and dread suspicion set him on the rack of mental torture.

That same morning, Mrs. Blend and Charlie took their places in the train. Mrs. Blend had spent a sleepless night.

Her cousin, the merry and talkative Charlie, had tied a crape band upon his arm, and he too was sympathetically silent. The two undertaker's men and the coffin were also in the train.

On the arrival of the cars, the four persons formed a melancholy procession to the house of Mrs. Meikle.

Barbara leaned heavily on Charlie's arm, while genuine tears of sorrow chased one another down her blanched cheeks; and the two men followed discreetly at a distance, with the coffin on their shoulders.

Mrs. Meikle opened the door, and grasped both of them by the hand warmly, observing that it "was a fine day," but neither of them could reciprocate her greeting, and therefore sadly and silently shook hands.

Without another word, Mrs. Meikle showed them up stairs, and they summoned all the courage at their command to enter the gloomy chamber of death.

Charlie quietly and gently pushed the door open, and ushered in his cousin.

She entered, and lifted her eyes to the bed; but it was vacant.

Then she looked wildly about the room, and—there was her worthy husband in the flesh and in life, standing at the window in his dressing-gown, grimly looking down on the coffin which the two men had upon their shoulders at the gate below.

With a fiercely angry glare he turned upon his wife. Her widow's weeds and the coffin showed there was some monstrously strange thing afoot. He was about to speak when his wife uttered a piercing scream, and sank fainting to the floor.

"What is the meaning of all this?" exclaimed the irate Josiah to the thunderstruck Charlie. "Who is the coffin for? Eh?"

"It's all a mistake"—— began Charlie, in a conciliatory tone.

"All a mistake, is it?" roared the infuriated old man. "I should rather think it was a mistake that I am alive and—and—kicking. You would bury me alive, would you, and laugh in my face, you vile scamp. Out of my sight!"

The young man hesitated, hoping to explain; but Josiah seized the poker, and would have used it as a projectile, had not Charlie, still convulsed, fled precipitately down stairs and out at the front door.

When he got there, he requested the two men to carry the coffin back to the station; and afterwards adjourned with them to the only hotel in the place, to explain, and laugh immoderately at this most amusing misunderstanding.

Meanwhile, Josiah helped Mrs. Meikle to put his unconscious wife to bed. Thereafter, he hurriedly donned his apparel, threw on his overcoat, and rushed off down stairs.

"Where are you going?" inquired Mrs. Meikle, who had sent for a doctor.

"Going? I'm going to my lawyer to get a divorce. I'll not stand tricks like these," cried Josiah, as he angrily flung himself out and violently slammed the door behind him.

At the station, he got a paper, where he read: "On the 21st instant, suddenly, at L——, in the sixtieth year of his age, Mr. Josiah Blend, much regretted."

"Much regretted! mh'm," muttered the old man sneeringly. "A month or two would have seen the two cousins married. Oh, I see it all, I see it all."

In due time the train arrived in town, and when he arrived at his house, the servant who opened the door nearly jumped out of her skin with fright; but Josiah pushed past her, and marched into the parlor, where a few male and female friends were assembled, presumably for the purpose of condoling with the widow upon her expected return to the city.

Josiah looked in silent astonishment; but immediately afterwards with a hearty cheer, which was the first thing to make him think an error had been made, and that there was no intention to kill him with fear.

The shaking of hands and the subsequent explanations tended to cool down his wrath; and as the fever of excitement left him, he began to feel his weakness and physical prostration returning, and ultimately was compelled to accept the situation with the best grace possible under the circumstances.

When the telegram was shown to him, he went to the Postmaster to demand an explanation, an apology, and compensation for loss and damage.

"Look here!" said he. "I was bad with a bilious attack, and got my landlady to send this telegram: "Your husband is *bad*; come down at once."

"One of your operators made it *dead*, and thereby caused a most frightful misunderstanding. I think you will admit," said Josiah, with studied severity of tone, "there is a very great difference between being bad and being dead?"

"Yes; there is a great difference certainly," replied the Postmaster pleasantly; "and I'm glad the mistake is not the other way; for if you had been dead, instead of bad, I would not have been favored with this visit."

Josiah had not looked at the error in that light; but not wanting to acknowledge the Postmaster's urbanity too readily, he replied: "That's all very well; but it does not explain one of the most stupid blunders I ever heard of. The clerk should be horsewhipped."

"I am exceedingly sorry the mistake has been made; but if you will bear with me a moment, I'll explain.

"The difference between 'bad' and 'dead' is not very great in the telegraph alphabet; it is altogether in what is technically called spacing.

"According to the dot and dash system of telegraphy," continued the Postmaster, who took pencil and paper to illustrate it, "the word 'bad' is thus written and spaced:

b — . . . a . — d . .

this word is 'dead:'

d — . . e . a . — d — . .

being exactly the same number of beats or dots and dashes; and when telegraphed thus:

— . . . . — — . . bad,

and

— . . . . — — . . dead,

you will observe there is, after all, only the difference of a dot. I am glad, however, that the dot has turned out to be in your favor."

"I am very much obliged to you," said Josiah, "for your lucid explanation. I pray you, however, to call the clerk's attention to the matter. Had I known it might have been an unconscious error, instead of a grossly careless one, I would not have troubled you. Good afternoon."

With this explanation, Josiah was pacified and pleased. He restored Mrs. Blend, on her return from the West Coast, to her former position as queen of his heart; but though he regrets his hasty violence, he has not yet quite conquered his aversion to Charlie Robinson.

The Ruined Grave.

A TRUE STORY.

NEAR NOWSHERA, close to the Afghan frontier, in Asia, were encamped two regiments of soldiers, one native, the other English.

By one part of the camp three officers were passing. They were young, and belonged to the native cavalry regiment which had but lately arrived at Nowshera on relief.

At the present moment they were in search of a site for a bungalow which they intended building.

As with this object they sauntered onwards, casting their glances hither and thither, a tall ascetic-looking Afghan crossed obliquely, but a little behind them, the path they were traversing, and in the act of passing, his long, lean shadow fell darkly and ominously over each of the three in succession. But they heeded not, and strolled on conversing gaily.

"We must have our house up before the hot weather commences," said Robert Strong, the squadron subaltern.

"Imagine passing a June in tents where the heat of the sun is enough to broil every living thing.

"But, Farmer," he continued, turning to the surgeon of the regiment, who was on the other side of him, "I understood it was your opinion that the ground about here was too low and unhealthy for our purpose?"

"So it is," replied Dr. Farmer; "and unless we can find a hillock or mound above the ordinary level of its surface, I fear we shall have to choose a site on the south side, which, as you are aware, will be inconveniently far from our lines and mess-house. But hollo! look there;" pointing with his finger; "that knoll to our left front seems the very thing."

The spot referred to was a hillock a short distance ahead, that rose somewhat abruptly out of the ground on the side from which they were approaching, but which in the opposite direction sloped away very gradually.

Strong, who had managed to get somewhat in advance of the other two, climbed the ascent first; and had no sooner gained the crest than he uttered a loud "By Jove! What have we here?"

His companions quickly joined him. Before them lay a rude-looking dilapidated grave, surrounded by a low wall of loose stones; a few paces from it grew a sturdy tree, on the branches of which hung some dirty discolored rags.

It was an Afghan shrine; but it had such a desolate and uncared-for appearance, that it seemed as though the place had lost its sanctity, and fallen into disrepute.

"Probably the tomb of some Mohammedan fakir or devotee," said Farmer inquiringly.

"I rather doubt the ability of the Afghan race to produce such a crop of holy men," returned Strong scornfully. "I believe nearly every eminence in the country is disfigured by an eyesore of this description."

"Very likely you are right," said Captain Henderson, the other officer; "for these shrines are often arbitrarily erected by fakirs for purposes of gain; and it is an even chance that no one lies buried here. In any case, Farmer, I shall not let it interfere with our plans, if you consider the site a suitable one."

"It will do capitally," answered the surgeon. "There will be just room enough on the crest for our bungalow; and the garden and out-houses can be terraced a little lower down along the slope."

The matter being thus definitely settled, the officers turned their steps in the direction of their mess-house, not a little gratified at having been so successful in their search.

The following day, accompanied by a couple of natives—a contractor and his assistant—Henderson and Strong proceeded to the spot they had selected, and were busy discussing in detail the plan of the house they proposed erecting, when the Afghan already spoken of came swiftly up the ascent, and without a pause or the slightest attempt at salutation, rudely addressed them: "Sirs," he exclaimed, "is what I hear true, that you intend building on this mound?" His voice shook; his whole manner was tremulous with excitement.

For a second or two, the officers stared in surprise at the man who had so abruptly interrupted their conversation; and indeed he was a remarkable looking individual.

Quite six feet in height, he was as gaunt as a skeleton; his face was long, with almost fleshless cheeks and jaws; the nose large and hawk-like; the eyes were small, deep-sunken, and fiery, their brightness being fed by an inward flame, that at times only flickered, but at others burned fiercely enough.

Captain Henderson answered the question in a quiet but stern tone: "Yes; it is perfectly true. But what do you mean by this uncalled-for intrusion? Who are you?"

"I am Mobarak Shah, priest and fakir," was the reply. "This place is one of the most venerated in the country; it is the tomb of a celebrated saint, and in my charge.

"Choose some other site, Sirs. Don't outrage the holy place, I beseech you, or evil will come of it—evil to you all." He spoke earnestly, warningly, and hung about in their vicinity till they quitted the knoll.

A week and more went by, and preparations for building the house were being rapidly pushed forward.

One afternoon, the three friends met on the mound, and were inspecting the progress of the work.

The foundations of the bungalow had been dug; but as yet the grave remained untouched, when the fakir was seen approaching with a train of followers behind him.

With long uneven steps he stalked up the hillock, and at once addressed himself to Dr. Farmer, who happened to be nearest. "Sir, persuade your friends to stop this sacrilegious work; it is horrible thus to desecrate the tomb of a holy man." His tone was loud and harsh, and naturally it vexed the surgeon.

"Be off with you!" he exclaimed, motioning him away with his hand.

"It is my right to be here," cried the Afghan passionately; "this place is even as my home to me.

"You are the interlopers; it is your footsteps that defile and dishonor this sacred shrine. Sirs, build your house elsewhere, or your punishment will be sure and speedy."

"Now, fakir," said Henderson angrily, "I'll give you half a minute to take yourself off in; if you are not gone then, my servants shall forcibly remove you."

At this threat, the man's whole face became convulsed, his eyes gleamed, and his sharp tones cut the air like a sword, as he replied: "I will go; but first, in the name of my saint, I curse you three! Age shall never whiten your beards; in the full prime of your manhood, you will perish violently, suddenly. Within five years"—here his voice rose to a shriek, and he held aloft with the fingers outspread a hand like the talons of an eagle—"within five years it is written your names shall be numbered with the dead." Then there was a slight movement in the crowd, and he was gone.

The fakir's manner had been strangely impressive—full, apparently, of a profound conviction that every syllable he uttered was inspired, and would assuredly come to pass. For the moment, its effect on all was palpable, and no one spoke.

"Bah!" said Strong, at length breaking the silence; "such maledictions are enough to dumfound anybody. There's something uncanny about that old man. Do you think he is demented?"

"He may be," answered Henderson; "but I shouldn't care for that, if there be no 'method in his madness,' and if he do not employ the Afghan knife as an active ally for the fulfillment of his ghastly predictions."

From which it was clear that at least a grain of anxiety lurked in the hearts of the speakers.

* * * * * *

Ten months had passed since the above scene was enacted. A pretty little bungalow now stood on the summit of the hillock. The three friends had now been in residence for some months, and were well satisfied, apparently, with the place.

From the crazy old fakir they had received no further molestation; indeed, a hundred other objects had since engaged their attention.

At the present moment, Nowshera was all agog on account of a great polo-match that was to take place the next day. The sides were Infantry versus Cavalry; and the lit-

the station's champion player, Captain Henderson, was one of the chosen few who were to do battle against the linesmen.

The eventful morrow arrived; the ground and goals were duly marked out; and all the beauty and fashion of Nowshera turned out to witness the match.

A gay crowd in carriages, on foot and horseback, thronged the boundary lines. Meanwhile, the game proceeded with varying fortune.

Suddenly, some one struck the ball with great vigor, and away it went spinning along the turf.

Two men, opponents, singled themselves out from the players, and galloped full speed after it. Somehow—it is impossible to say exactly how—they came into violent collision, and riders and ponies were thrown headlong to the ground.

The linesman, with an exclamation of disgust at his discomfiture, freed himself from his animal, and stood up, seemingly unhurt.

The other player lay still. Soon two or three of the by-standers rushed forward and raised the fallen man; but he was dead—he had broken his neck. It was Captain Henderson.

Was the anathema working? Had the next few years as terrible a fate in store for the two young fellows that still survived? Possibly, thoughts like these may have thrilled the hearts of the occupants of the bungalow on the hillock, when they came to realize fully the catastrophe that had taken place.

* * * * * *

A year later, a party of officers were out deer-hawking in the neighborhood of Nowshera. The hunt was in full swing; in the distance was a beautiful little antelope, bounding onwards, flying for dear life; above his head hovered a couple of magnificent hawks.

All at once, the horse of the foremost rider—a big powerful chestnut—put its foot into a treacherous rat-hole, and shot forward with terrific force on to its head, then rolled heavily over, with its luckless rider crumpled up underneath.

The other men pulled up, for the fall seemed a serious one; and the white face, just visible clear of the saddle, had the pallor of death stamped on it. The ill-fated hunter was extricated and carried home. Three of his ribs were broken, and he had sustained other grievous internal injuries. A few days afterwards he died in great suffering. The name of this second victim was Robert Strong.

* * * * * *

Not long after the above tragical occurrence, Dr. Farmer, one afternoon, was out boating on the river Cabool with a friend, when, by some untoward accident, the boat upset; both the men, however, were good swimmers, and struck out vigorously for the shore.

As they were nearing the bank, his companion cast a glance in Farmer's direction, and saw he was swimming strongly and well.

Presently, the former touched the bottom within his depth, and looked round again for his friend; but, to his utter amazement, Farmer had vanished. It would appear that the unfortunate surgeon had been seized with cramp, and sinking suddenly, had been caught in the race of some treacherous under-current, and swept down stream. His body, I believe, was never recovered.

Thus was the curse literally fulfilled. The three officers had perished in the prime of manhood, in the fullness of their strength, with appalling suddenness, and all within the short space of five years.

But the narrative is not yet complete; its finale is as startling as the portion that has preceded it, and for this we must once again go back to Nowshera.

Shortly after Dr. Farmer lost his life, the stream of the Cabul River became very much swollen, and soon overflowed its banks.

The lower parts of Nowshera were inundated; but the flood still grew till it became the greatest within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

The waters crept up the fakir's knoll, and whirled and eddied round the obnoxious bungalow, undermining its foundations; the roof fell in; the walls tumbled down; the house became a total wreck; and it remains a tenantless ruin to this day.

J. CHAMBERS.

Beatty Investigated.

A TRIP TO WASHINGTON, NEW JERSEY.

A representative of an Advertising Agency sending business to this paper, visited the new mammoth Piano and Organ factory of Daniel F. Beatty, at Washington, New Jersey, a few days since and thus speaks of the gigantic enterprise: "Leaving New York, foot of Barclay Street, a run of two hours brought us to the city made famous by its present Mayor, Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, who owns and controls one of the most extensive and well organized factories on this hemisphere, where is manufactured his well-known and highly prized pianos and organs.

"Our party was met by his private coach, (run to all the principal trains for the sole accommodation of his visitors) and driven direct to the factory where we, in a hurried manner, took a run through the acres of floor in the new factory devoted to the manufacture of his celebrated instruments. We could hardly realize that this indomitable man had within five months been burned out entire, and these immense structures had been erected and put in operation since and now turning out 30 musical instruments a day, which we were assured would be doubled in 30 days, and trebled in 90, for it must be remembered that the final finish on instruments in this new factory had but just begun. If those who have spoken disparagingly of Mr. Beatty could take a look at these enormous works, as we did, common justice would demand retractions for all they ever said.

"The treatment received from the proprietor and the facilities given to look thoroughly into his business showed an entire confidence in himself, his system and his instruments. At the well-known Beatty Building, in the heart of the city, he has the most magnificent and well arranged suits of office rooms on the continent, and busy, intelligent and polite managers, correspondents and clerks, attest to the perfect system necessary in the transaction of such a mammoth establishment. We listened to the music of the [illegible] and we never heard better, [illegible] and we never heard such a magnificent [illegible] in tone and in variety, [illegible] asks for it. We [illegible] such a peace, seeing direct to the [illegible] having perfect organization Mr Beatty can out do all competitors, but that they should be out [illegible] yet a [illegible] and [illegible] across the [illegible] within the [illegible]

To get the best Cod Liver Oil in the world ask your druggist for **Baker's.** If not kept by him, it will pay to send direct for it. Prices and valuable information mailed on request. John C. Baker & Co., 815 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Barlett's PILE SUPPOSITORIES. RADICAL CURE.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

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VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

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It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

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WARRANTED SOLID GOLD SETTINGS

We [illegible] Diamante Brilliants [illegible] Diamante Brilliants, [illegible] you we can't expect to find you a member of the Post family.

We have studied the question problem thoroughly, and we offer our Diamante Brilliant Premiums [illegible] that continue our patrons for many years. The new diamonds and more money and are worth more than any premium ever offered before, for every subscriber is really getting

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We want business and can't afford to mislead or misrepresent.

Our Offer.—On receipt of three dollars we agree to send *The Saturday Evening Post* one year—52 issues, and any one of the Diamante Brilliants.

We warrant them to be with good [illegible] A club of [illegible] The Post, one year, [illegible] $1 [illegible] to either the Ring, Stud [illegible] Earrings Pair, A club of three one year and $9, [illegible] free. A club of four [illegible] Ring, Stud, and Earrings free [illegible] for $12, we will extend your subscription two years, and send set of Ring, Stud or Earrings as a premium. Sent, For $6, will extend subscription three years, [illegible] four years, [illegible] and all these premiums free. Club raisers have receive any one premium [illegible]

TIME TRIES ALL THINGS [illegible] must be well-founded [illegible] It is a [illegible] of old, and tested. [illegible] on is of the highest order—the very best thought of the [illegible] [illegible] Diamante Brilliants, [illegible] Premiums, [illegible] that [illegible] our patrons for many years. The new diamonds and more money and are worth more than any premium ever offered before, for every subscriber is really getting

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Our Young Folks.

THE TALL VINE-DRESSER.

BY ANNABEL GRAY.

I'VE heard tell of some animal that climbed a tree to feed upon the leaves, and when the last leaf was eaten, tumbled down and broke its neck.

"That's just how it'll be with me, I expect."

So spoke old Michel Bross, who, like most French peasants two hundred years ago, found it hard work to make his little patch of ground yield enough to support himself.

And then, too, there was his son Claude—a poor little sickly lad with a pale pinched face—who was sitting at the door of the hut trying to plait a rush-basket with his thin weak fingers.

"I wish I could help you, father," said Claude, who had overheard the old man's complaint.

"I wish you could!" answered Bross, peevishly. "But what are you good for?"

Little Claude's eyes flashed, and he looked up in his father's gloomy face boldly enough.

"What's the bud on the tree good for, father? Just wait a bit, and see if I don't grow into a man yet."

Old Michel only shrugged his shoulders; but the words were truer than he thought. That summer Claude's uncle—who was a woodcutter up among the hills—came on a visit to them, and took the child back with him to spend a month or two in the forest.

The fresh mountain air and out-door life did wonders for the sickly boy; and when he came back in the autumn his father hardly knew him, so firmly did he stand on his feet, and so brown and hardy had he grown.

"If this is how you 'grow into a man,'" grinned old Michel, "you'll be a pretty big one before long."

Finding himself strong enough to work, Claude fell to it with a will, and his strength increased with every day's work he did, till in a few years he was able not only to help his father, but to show himself the stronger of the two.

"You undutiful boy," laughed old Bross one day, as he threw down his spade quite tired out, while Claude was still working away as if he would never leave off, "aren't you ashamed to get ahead of your own father this way?"

"I'll do more than that before I'm through, daddy," chuckled Claude, shovelling away like a giant.

And so he did; for his size kept pace with his strength, and he soon shot up into a perfect giant.

Tall as Michel himself was, his son overtopped him by a full head; and the village folk saw with amusement the puny little weakling, whom they used to pity, standing before them a huge brawny fellow seven feet high, with a face as brown as a nut, an arm that would have felled an ox.

But instead of using his strength to bully his neighbors and knock down any one who offended him, he was the most friendly, good-tempered man alive.

Did a horse fall down, or a cart stick fast in the mud, or a man find his bundle too heavy for him, Claude's great broad shoulders and strong arms were always ready to set matters to rights; and a saying went abroad among the country people, "Claude Bross is as good as he's big."

When he was about twenty-two his father died; and the old man's last words were—

"Claude, my son, I think somehow you'll do better with this bit of ground than I've done."

"If you could grow into a giant, it may grow into a garden."

But it grew into something more; for Claude seeing what his father had planted there did not seem to thrive, resolved to turn it into a vineyard, knowing that vines like a light soil.

It would be too long a story to tell how hard he worked, and how well he succeeded; how he got a hint or two from a learned foreign gentleman who had passed that way, which improved his wines wonderfully, and now, by the time he was thirty-six, he owned the biggest vine-yard and made the best wine in the whole district.

One day our hero bethought himself that such wine as his ought to fetch a good price in Paris, and that it might be worth his while to try.

So he put three casks of it into a wagon, harnessed a couple of stout oxen, and off he set; for it was a rule of his—and a very good one too—always to manage his own business himself.

It was a long journey to Paris, and a very hard one in those days, when the roads were so bad that it was quite common to see a carriage half buried in the mud with six horses trying to pull it out again.

However, he got to the end at last, and was almost within sight of the city when he passed a church, and saw through the open door a crowd of people at the service.

Now one of the things which Claude had learned from his father was never to be ashamed of saying his prayers anywhere, no matter how he might be laughed at.

So he pulled up his wagon, went in, and knelt down with the rest; but he was so tall that, even when he was kneeling, his head rose far above the crowd.

Now it happened that the King of France himself, Louis XIV., was in the church at the time, and when he saw this great black head towering above all the rest he thought this must be some rude fellow standing up while the others were kneeling, on purpose to affront them.

So he got very angry, and told one of his officers to go and make that man kneel down at once.

Away went the officer, and came back presently with his eyes very wide open indeed.

"Your Majesty," said he, "the man is kneeling; but he's such a giant that he looks just as if he were standing, all the same."

The king was quite astonished, and almost thought the officer must be making fun of him; but he only said—

"Well bring him to me as soon as the service is over."

So, when the people were beginning to come out of church, our friend Claude felt a tap on his arm, and saw a richly-dressed man beside him, who said that the king wished to speak to him at once.

Claude was rather startled; but having never wronged any one in his life, he saw no reason for being afraid of the king, and went boldly forward.

"Why, man, you should have been a soldier!" cried Louis, who, being a little man himself, was very fond of looking at giants. "You would make a whole regiment by yourself!"

"That's not the trade I'd choose, sir," said Claude, shaking his head.

"When the soldiers come by, trampling and burning everything, it's bad times for us vine-dressers."

"Oh, you're a vine-dresser, are you? What has brought you here?"

"To sell your majesty the best wine in France."

"The best in France, eh? That's a big word.

"Do you think you can beat the vineyards of Gascony and Champagne?"

"Your Majesty can taste and see," answered Bross, quietly.

"Well," said the king, laughing, "if your wine's as far above other wine as you're above other men, it must be worth its weight in gold. I'll just try it at once."

And seemingly the king was pleased with it, for he bought it all, and told Claude to send him some every year.

So Claude made not only his own fortune, but that of all his neighbors; for from that day the "Macon wine" was famous throughout France.

And if you ever travel through Macon, you will be pretty sure to hear the story of "Big Claude," and his vineyard, which the peasants still tell their children, to show what a man can do for himself by honest hard work.

CONTENT AS A KING.—Once upon a time—so runs the story, and a pleasant little story it is—when Louis XII. of France was at the royal castle of Plessis-les-Tours, he went one evening into the kitchen, where he found a small boy engaged in turning a spit for the roasting of a loin of beef. The lad had a peculiarly bright-looking face; keen, bright eyes; and features really fine; and his appearance greatly prepossessed the King in his favor.

Laying a hand upon his head, he asked the little fellow who he was.

The boy looking up, and seeing a plain-looking man in a hunting garb, supposed he might be speaking with one of the grooms, or, perhaps, chief riders of the royal stables.

He answered, very modestly, that his name was Simon; he said he came from La Roche, and that his parents were both dead.

"And are you content with this sort of work?" Louis asked.

"Why not?" answered the boy, with a twinkle in his eye, and a suggestive nod. "I am as well off as the best of them. The King himself is no better."

"Indeed! How do you make that out?"

"Why, fair sir, the King lives; and so do I. He can do no more than live. Further, I am content. Is the King that?"

Louis walked away in a fit of thought deep and searching; and the image of that boy remained in his mind even after he had sought his pillow.

On the next day the astonishment of the turnspit may be imagined upon being summoned to follow a page, and finding himself in the presence of the King, and the King his visitor of the previous evening!

On the present occasion Louis conversed further with the lad, when he found him to be as intelligent and naturally keen-witted as he had at first appeared.

He had sent for him with the intention of making him a page; but instead thereof he established him in his chamber, as a page-in-waiting—really the position of a gentleman.

And Louis had not been deceived in his estimate of the boy's abilities.

The youth served Louis faithfully; and in the last years of the reign of France I, he was known, and honored, as General Sir Simon de la Roche.

OATHS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.—Several oaths of the middle Ages were borrowed from the pagans, as oaths upon arms, the usual mode of adjuration among Northern nations; upon the scabbard of the sword; confirmation of the oath by joining hands; by taking hold of the hem of the garment; swearing by the feet of the abbot and monks; upon bracelets; and others. Concerning the bracelet oath a writer describes one of twenty ounces weight which was kept upon the altar, and, being sprinkled with the blood of victims, was touched by those who took any solemn oaths. He says it was either of silver or silver and brass mixed. He adds, in another page, that for this purpose it was worn on the judge's arm during trial.

MY DIAMONDS.

BY LYDIA GODDARD

DORA had invited me to come to her birthday party.

There were to be music and dancing, and all the young people I liked best were to be there.

I had a new dress, and never yet worn the diamonds that had been left to me by my great-aunt Margaret, whom I had never seen, though I was named for her.

She had lived and died in Scotland, and these jewels were sent to me.

The loss of a well-known friend had not dimmed their splendor, for Aunt Margaret was only a name.

Of course I wanted to go to the party, and the only objection anyone had to it was that a long journey by rail lay between our houses; that my father was away; that my mother had company to entertain, and that Aunt Sophy had sprained her ankle. If I went I must go alone.

"I suppose there is no reason why she should not," said my mother.

"And don't go off with one shoe in your shoe bag, and have to wear your boots all the time as you had to do at the Nobles," said Aunt Sophy, bent upon being provoking; "and when we left for the country last year you lit the gas before we started, and left it so, and the bill——"

"Let the child alone," said grandma. "You were giddier than she is at evening. But put the arnica, and the peppermint, and the box of pills in your trunk. No knowing what may happen."

Thus furnished with advice, I left the room, and ran up-stairs, glad enough to be permitted to go.

I had everything ready, and I had only to dress.

I was certainly conscious that my gorgeous diamonds were not the things to wear with my gray travelling dress; but I put them on, muffling the earrings and covering the pin with my veil, and hurried down again.

Mamma took no notice of the shimmer under the veil, neither did grandmother; but Aunt Sophy was very sharp-sighted, and on the watch for misdemeanors on my part.

I saw her putting up her eye-glasses, and I knew what would come next—that little shriek, and the cry, "That girl! I never saw anyone like her! Take off your veil, Maggie."

"Yes, she has put her diamonds on! A niece of mine not to know how vulgar it is to wear diamonds in the daytime on a journey!"

"So dangerous!" cried grandma.

"So imprudent!" cried mamma.

"You'll be robbed and murdered, my dear, before ever you get to your cousin's house," said our lady guest.

"But I can't take them off now. It's too late," said I.

"Put them in your purse, my dear," said our friend.

"She'd leave it behind her," said Aunt Sophy, who was very cross in consequence of her sprained ankle.

"The cabman, miss," said Nora, at this moment; "and he says you've just time, and no more, to catch the train."

I was glad of the excuse for muffling my glittering ears again, and giving the good-bye kisses; but, despite my haste, Aunt Sophy found time to call after me, "Remember my warning; those diamonds will get you into trouble before your journey is over."

Certainly Aunt Sophy was very cross.

However, we reached the train in due time.

I had a seat on the shady side of a second-class car, and it was a pleasant day.

Best of all, I had no next neighbor, and it was not until we had stopped at many stations that a stout person, gayly though cheaply dressed, entered, who carried a travelling bag in her hand, and who at once made a most disagreeable impression on me.

Unhappily for me, I soon discovered that she thought that civility obliged her to talk to me.

Now, girls quite understand that paternal warnings as to strangers allude to gentlemen, and it is simply brutal not to answer a woman who speaks to you.

I detested this person at sight, but I was obliged to say "Yes," "No," or "Indeed," occasionally.

She told me all about herself, and all about her journey; and asked me the object of my journey.

I felt sure that she saw my diamonds under my veil, for her sharp black eyes turned often towards my ears, and afterwards I fancied that she lifted her hand towards them more than once.

At the moment I was simply annoyed, however, and glad when we came to the station where I was to alight.

It was a quiet hour, and most of the people hurried away at once.

I, however, went first into the waiting-room.

I was rather too vain in those days to run the risk of going to my uncle's with a dirty face, and that is always possible after a railway journey.

And, indeed, as soon as I looked into the glass, I found that I should be better for a little touching up.

I had a little towel in my reticule, and a brush and comb; and I took off my hat, laid it on the marble close to my hand, put my earrings into it, and proceeded to wash my face, and brush my crimps, happily, natural ones.

I was just about to replace the hat when a voice said over my shoulder, "I saw you from the door, and after such a nice, comfortable chat as we had in the cars, I thought I wouldn't go off without saying good-bye."

There she was again—that woman.

"Ah, well, good-bye," said I, and turned to put on my earrings.

They were gone!

Suddenly it rushed into my mind that this woman was a thief; that the purpose of her sociability had been to rob me.

"My earrings! My earrings!" I cried out sharply. "Where are my earrings—my diamonds?"

The woman stared at me with a sudden flush of anger in her face.

"I'm sure I don't know," said she.

"Someone does! They have been stolen! I had them one moment ago!" said I.

"Most likely that's the thief, then," said she, and turning, I saw for first time a little match-girl, dirty, unkempt and ragged, crouched up in the corner of the waiting-room, apparently asleep. "As if I'd take your trumpery, paste diamonds!" continued the woman, redder than before. "I'd not have spoken to you—no, I wouldn't—if I hadn't thought you was a lady, which you ain't."

"There, now, to hint at such a thing! Me a thief, indeed!"

"What's the row?" asked a big policeman, sauntering in at the door.

"It is only that I've lost my earrings," I said—"diamonds worth a great deal. I put them in my hat just now. I accuse nobody."

"It's that girl there shamming sleep," said the woman.

But the match-girl was awake and on her feet. She tried to glide past the policeman, but he caught her by the arm.

"Do you make a charge?" said he.

"Only these two people have been in the room, as far as I know," I said. "I think the child never moved.

"This—this lady was close behind me when I missed them."

"It's that girl," said the woman, trembling violently.

"Confederates, probably," said the policeman.

"Me confederates with a wretched match-girl!" sobbed the woman.

"You'd better make a charge against both," said the man.

A little crowd began to gather; the match-girl shrieked, the woman wept. Happily in the midst of the tumult I saw two well-known faces, Dora's and my uncle's.

"We came to meet you," said my uncle. "Your mother telegraphed that you had started. But what's the matter?"

I explained: "The earrings Aunt Margaret left me are gone; but I—I don't feel sure this lady—I don't know what to do."

"Make a charge," said the policeman. "I think it's this woman, or both of 'em."

"Can't I have justice?" sobbed the woman.

"I ain't stole nothin'!" shrieked the child.

"No, you have not, poor thing," said Dora, suddenly. "Look here, Maggie."

It was the fashion in that year of the Lord to trim one's travelling dresses plentifully with a sort of ball-fringe, all little fluffy balls. The mantle of mine had several yards upon it; and as Dora spoke, she drew the mantle round, and revealed to me the fact that the earrings hung suspended to this fringe.

As the woman spoke I had turned, and the fringe had dipped into my hat and flirted out again with my diamonds.

I bore a flood of abuse from the woman, the calm reproaches of the policeman, and the jeers of the crowd.

The match-girl—not a stranger to this sort of thing—went away appeased and happy with a gift of money. The injured woman was finally quieted by my uncle, who at last escorted her to her destination in a cab, and I went home with Dora. I was overcome with mortification, but I think my strongest feeling was the dread that Aunt Sophy should ever know that my diamonds had got me into trouble, after all.

ABOUT AUCTIONEERS.—The auctioneer, now deceased, who said that the only drawbacks to the delights of an estate that he had to sell were the noise of falling rose-leaves during the day, and the song of the nightingales at night, has a worthy successor in London, who advertises the sale of a residential estate at Highgate—with "surpassingly beautiful grounds which the combination of attractions make the summer too short for their enjoyment, and rob the winter of its dreads; a splendid home, replete with all that art and science could devise to render it perfect in fulfilling the requirements of a patrician or a peer, an opulent citizen or a man of letters; and a sumptuous suite of reception rooms, unique in the richness of their adornments, chaste in the perfection of their style, and for symmetry of proportion and harmony in design an example to any age, in striking contrast to the anachronisms of the day." The man who could resist such a temptation can boast of great strength of mind.

WHERE THERE IS A WEAKNESS OF THE THROAT OR LUNGS, a Cold neglected may be all that is required to establish a lingering and generally fatal disease. Even where there is no special tendency to Bronchitis or Pulmonary trouble, a severe Cold, left to take care of itself, often plants the seeds of a serious complaint, sure to be developed by subsequent indiscretions. Take especial care of your health, therefore, from the very earliest symptoms of a Cough or Cold, by prudently resorting to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, which will soothe and strengthen the bronchial tubes, allay inflammation, and cleanse them and the lungs of all irritating substances. An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure.

Grains of Gold.

Lie not for any consideration.

Make few intimate acquaintances.

Keep your mind free from evil thoughts.

The height of meanness is to exult in its success.

Neither worth nor wisdom comes without an effort.

There is a blessing attending the ministry of mercy.

Discouragement is not a fruit of humility, but of pride.

Our worst foe is our natural and inveterate selfishness.

Generous souls are made happy by the happiness of others.

The sunshine of life is made up of very few beams that are bright all the time.

Gratitude is a fruit of great cultivation, and not to be found among gross people.

It is with happiness as with watches; the less complicated the less easily deranged.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly.

In character, in manner, in style—in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.

Habits are soon assumed, but when we strive to strip them off, 'tis being flayed alive.

Hatred does not cease by hatred at any time; hatred ceases by love; this is an old rule.

What we are merely taught, seldom nourishes the mind like that which we teach ourselves.

The best society and conversation is that in which the heart has a greater share than the head.

Good resolutions are like horses. The first cost is an item of less importance than the keeping.

Economy is half the battle of life; it is not half so hard to earn money as it is to spend it well.

A generous man will place the benefits he confers beneath his feet, and those he receives near-est his heart.

The first petition we should make is for a good conscience, the next for health of mind, and then of body.

Let a man overcome anger by love; let him overcome evil by good; let him overcome the greedy by liberality.

The wise man will make the most of what he has, and throw away no lesson because the back is somewhat soiled and torn.

The lies with which we deceive ourselves are far more numerous than those with which we really impose upon other people.

The grandest and strongest natures are ever the calmest, but without earnestness no one is ever great, or does really great things.

To be weak and scorn your weakness, and not be able to conquer it, is a hard thing. It is so easy not to do the thing one ought to do.

As to people saying a few idle words about us, we must not mind that any more than the old church steeple minds the rooks cawing about it.

Every one we meet knows something which we do not, and may improve and instruct us, if we are only humble and sincere enough to learn of him.

How small a portion of our lives is that we truly enjoy. In youth we are looking forward for things that are to come. In old age we look backward to things that are past.

What is there bad in religion? Religion is love to God and love to man. What is required by religion but "to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

A morally weak man resembles a weak-jointed pair of tongs, such as pusillanimously cross their legs, let their burdens drop, and pinch the hand which trusts them.

Let men call you mean if you know you are just, hypocritical if you are honestly religious, pusillanimous if you are firm. Resistance soon converts unprincipled wit into sincere respect.

Our lives should be, like the days, more beautiful in the evening, or, like the spring, aglow with promise, and like autumn, rich with golden sheaves when good works and deeds have ripened on the field.

Be decided as to what course you will pursue throughout life. Do not, without sufficient reason, deviate from it as a whole, though you should not become a distinguished man, yet rest assured your life will not be fruitless.

The noblest part of a friend is an honest boldness in the notifying of errors. He that tells me of fault, aiming at my good, I must think think him wise and faithful—wise in saying that which I see not; faithful in plain admonishment without flattery.

Who is more restless at heart, more frequently fretted, or more grievously enraged, than a lover of himself? This is the case as often as he is not honored according to the pride of his heart, or when anything does not succeed according to his wish and pleasure.

Sin does not produce devils in us all at once any more than grass begets angels. There is an infancy to evil as well as to good, and it is often hard to tell the imp from the cherub. But each surely matures. We must check or cherish it early, or the demon will grow and the seraph perish.

A Surprising Change.

"I take no other medicine whatever, therefore must attribute my improved condition to Compound Oxygen. Four weeks ago I was weak, unable to sit an hour at a time, with paroxysms of coughing that would make my lungs feel sore, and prostrate me very much. The change has been so surprising to me and my family "Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports and full information, sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Femininities.

Many St. Louis ladies are learning to play on the banjo.

Shoemakers declare that most women despise square-toed shoes.

Fashion Item—Among the newest things in stockings is the baby's foot.

A cynical bachelor suggests to us that many of the girls of the period are less facts than figures.

While stingy husbands are not popular, for all that every maiden likes to have her beau very close.

The papers announce the coming return of the fashions of the Elizabethan era. This is ruff on the ladies.

When we asked our girl to marry us, she said she didn't mind—and we have since found out that she didn't.

A little backwood's girl anxiously asked, the other day, "Ma, if a bear should swallow me, would he go to heaven too?"

"An honest man's the noblest work of God." Nothing is said about a woman, because she isn't such an astounding article.

Somebody who's been there, lugubriously remarks, "It isn't flattering to a man to be summoned in a breach of promise case as an expert."

Music and Matrimony—"Music is the food of love;" but married people usually find out that it takes something more substantial for matrimony.

It has been impossible to get a woman to say a word against the low, broad heel since we remarked that women with big feet always objected to them.

The Chinese do their courting by proxy. If the proxies pay the bills, there are many young men who would like the system introduced into this country.

Three different New York men have died while standing up. Mrs. Yeast is willing to wager her income that these occurrences never happened in a street-car.

A colored woman of Council Bluffs, who was sold from her mother's arms in Kentucky 38 years ago, has traced her aged parent to Denver, and they will soon meet.

"It's scold weather," said Dibkins, the other morning, as he put on his overcoat and escaped through the front door, followed by the upbraidings of his angry wife.

Atlanta boasts of a young, attactive and industrious cobbler of the feminine gender, who both mends and constructs all kinds of shoes to the satisfaction of numerous customers.

A young gentleman, who has just married a little undersized beauty, says she would have been taller, but she is made of such precious materials that Nature could not afford it.

Dobb, the portrait painter, says that everything should be in character. For instance, search warrants should be printed on "tracing-paper," and wedding notices on "fool's-cap."

Two young ladies recently agreed to read Shakspeare together, and one said, "Let us begin with 'Romeo and Juliet.'" "Why," exclaimed the other, "we can't read both of them at once."

A new row of business houses at Charlotte, Mich., has been named "Old Maid's Block" by the owner, who is a maiden of forty, and rather proud of having made a fortune for herself as a milliner.

A Wisconsin woman who was lost in the woods for three days, says she didn't suffer so very much, but was greatly annoyed by her lack of presence of mind in not bringing along a small looking-glass.

A woman has sharper eyes than a man. Any little love passages that may be going about her a woman will detect in an instant. With a man it is different. He will not perceive a kiss even, unless it is brought right under his nose.

A fashionable lady, in boasting of her new "palatial residence," said the windows were all of stained glass. "That's too bad!" exclaimed her old-fashioned grandmother; "but won't soap and turpentine take the stains out?"

A family paper publishes a long article entitled "Housekeeping Hereafter." "Merciful heavens!" groaned a distracted mother of five children, and keeper of one husband and five servants, "if I thought there was going to be any housekeeping hereafter, I declare I'd never die!"

A little moral courage would help us out of a great many difficult places. A confirmed flirt said to a gentleman: "Next Wednesday afternoon I shall be at home and alone." It was a great temptation, but the hero quickly saved himself by answering: "Ah, indeed! Why, so shall I."

The Egyptian necklet, worn by the Wilde "set," is a delicate and beautiful piece of workmanship, and is made of gold-linked tablets, each outlined with figures from antique bas-reliefs. The chain is fastened in front by a double clasp representing a sphinx's head backed by a pyramid.

A Tennessee woman obtained a divorce from her husband, married another man, and had a daughter. The first husband, enraged, sought revenge, and married the daughter. The neighbors are now trying to figure out the various kinds of relationship that he holds towards himself and the rest of the family.

An amusing incident occurred at the Great Western Railway waiting-room, at Hamilton, Ont., the other day, when a richly-dressed lady put her hand into a side dress pocket of her dolman to get her purse to pay for a ticket, when a brandy flask dropped therefrom, the contents being distributed over the floor.

A Providence man having instructed his wife what to do when attacked by burglars, thought he'd test her one evening by disguising his voice and knocking for admission. She refused to open the door. Then he rattled away at a window until the crash of a pane, the whizzing of a bullet by his head, persuaded him to make himself known without any further testing of her valor and presence of mind.

News Notes.

France has a Chinese lawyer.

Willow-green is a very light yellowish shade of olive.

Chicago gamblers fleece the people out of $5,000,000 a year.

There are 10,000 curates in England, only half of whom are employed.

A big cast-iron dog in a Sacramento store frightened away three burglars.

A German magazine has just published a story from the pen of the Queen of Roumania.

When Victor Hugo meets his old Guernsey cook in the hall he politely steps aside to let her pass.

A man in Knox county, Mo., who wanted to vote against a projected high school wrote his vote "Know."

Luminous paint is now being utilized for door-plates, house-numbers and signs. The advantages are obvious.

Mr. Edmund Yates, the English author, protests against the docking of horses' tails as a cruel and barbarous practice.

A soap-bubble party was the climax of the entertainment at a fashionable gathering in New York a few evenings ago.

Mormonism has cropped out in Maine, where the Latter Day Saints have established a third church, having three new preachers.

The importation of eggs into Great Britain last year was 730,000,000, or about two dozen for each man, woman and child in the country.

A mulatto barber in Richmond, Va., has petitioned to be excused from service on an exclusive colored jury, on the ground that he is not a negro.

"The Zoological Necropolis Company (Limited)" is the title of a London association, the object of which is to provide a "burial-place for pet animals."

It is estimated that 378,751 persons are employed in the coal mines in Great Britain, working in galleries extending over somewhere about 56,744 miles.

At Maple Park, Ill., a fifteen-year-old boy, named Reuben Hart, has just married his brother's widow, over whose head thirty-five summers have passed.

A paper watch has been exhibited by a Dresden watchmaker. The paper is prepared in such a manner as to render the watch as serviceable as those in general use.

The Ontario Court of Common Pleas has decided that the shaving of customers by barbers on Sunday is a violation of the laws, it being not a work of charity or necessity.

At a recent sale in London Queen Elizabeth's autograph sold for $16; Franklin's for $24; Prior's for $8, and the MS. of Thackeray's "Chronicles of the Drum" for $100.

Parents at Fall River have been detected in issuing forged school cards misrepresenting the ages of their young children, so as to keep the little ones at work full time in the mills.

Mr. and Mrs. McDonald had a street fight with pistols at New Lexington, Ohio, over the possession of their child. They had agreed to separate, but neither wanted to give up the little one.

John Sherburn, of Wheelock, Vt., fell from his horse in 1839, and so injured his spine that recovery was impossible. He was confined to his bed for forty-three years, and the other day he died.

A German photographer has succeeded in getting a view of President Garfield's tomb in Cleveland, by moonlight. The sensitive plate was exposed for seven hours during a bright and beautiful night.

Frank Hilmer, of Prague, Bohemia, the originator of the "polka" dance, has just died, aged 72 years. The "Esmeralda" was the name of his first polka, which has been danced to for the last 40 years.

The German oil wells lately discovered do not turn out so well as was expected. The refined oil proves to be unsuited for illumination, and smokes so badly that it cannot be used in dwellings. The export of American oil to Germany will therefore continue.

Seven months ago a Poughkeepsie lady broke off a needle in the palm of her right hand, and was unable to extract it. The wound healed in a few days, and last Saturday the needle came out of her left heel.

The mother of Potter Palmer, the wealthy hotel-keeper of Chicago, was buried from the Friends' Church at Preston Hollow, Albany county, N. Y., in a plain, unpainted pine coffin, as she had requested.

There was no attempt to deceive the guests as to the ages of the bride and bridegroom of a wedding at Elgin, Ill. The cards of invitation said: "Smith Jamison, eighty-four, to Sarah Seward, eighty-three."

A Chicago prison-keeper says: "I have met with boys here under twelve years old who have traveled all over the land alone, and gave me accurate descriptions of Philadelphia, Cincinnati, San Francisco, and New Mexico."

Never in the history of railroad building in this country has there been such activity as now. There have been 604 miles of track laid in the United States since January last. The capital and bonded debt of the railroads amount to over double the national debt.

The boys of a small school at Hamburg, Iowa, lately had an opportunity to fight in a just cause. Nine tramps took possession of the schoolhouse and began to empty the dinner-pails. The boys armed themselves with sticks and stones, stormed the house, and defeated the tramps, taking two prisoners.

Don't be Alarmed

at Bright's Disease, Diabetes, or any disease of the kidneys, liver, or urinary organs, as Hop Bitters will certainly and lastingly cure you, and is the only thing that will.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair use **RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.**

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic, or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. The skin, after a few days use of the Sarsaparillian becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREVENT MORE SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER REMEDIES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY, ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds or Bruises, Chilblains, Frost Bites, or with Strains, Cramps or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named:

"False and True."
"Radway on Irritable Urethra."
"Radway on Scrofula."

and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

☞Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of DR. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

THE MIND POWER CURES

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS

In use twenty years. The most safe, simple, economical and efficient medicine known. Dr. Humphreys' Book on Disease and its Cure (144 pp.) also Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Humphreys Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York

WE WILL SEND WITHOUT CHARGE

Samples of Knitting Silk. A 32-page pamphlet, giving Rules and Designs for Knitting Silk Stockings, Mittens, Money Purses, Ladies' Caps, Lasso, etc., will be mailed to any address on receipt of 6 cts. in postage stamps or money.

THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG CO., 243 Market St., Phila., or, 887 Broadway, N. Y.

Humorous.

Has teeth, but eats not—A saw.

Never examine a mule from the background.

Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Diabetes.

No danger from these diseases if you use Hop Bitters, besides, being the best family medicine ever made. Trust no other.

When is water not water? When it's dripping.

When is a carpenter like a circumstance? When he alters cases.

Druggists say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best remedy for female weakness that they ever heard of, for it gives universal satisfaction. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

Has legs, but walks not—A chair.

Why is a dog like a tree? Because both lose their bark when dead.

Moving springs of action are deeply interfused with principles subject to certain laws. The nervous man finds his life blasted, but he can be restored to vigorous health by Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills. They are simple, harmless and efficacious.

A sound judge—A musical critic.

NERVOUS DEBILITY and weakness, "Wells' Health Renewer" is greatest remedy. Druggists, $1

A sound thrashing—Beating a drum.

STINGING irritation, inflammation, all Kidney Complaints, cured by "Buchupaiba." $1. per bottle.

Machines for catching cold—Ice tongs.

DON'T DIE in the house. Ask Druggists for "Rough on Rats, mice, weasels, &c.

A dry subject—An Egyptian mummy.

☞When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

DRY GOODS
BY MAIL!

OVER THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILLION OF STOCK TO SELECT FROM.

All bought for cash, and sold at lowest city prices. Dress Goods, Silks, Shawls, Trimmings, Hosiery, Upholstery, Fancy Goods, Ladies' Dresses, Wraps, Underwear, Ties, Laces, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Infants', Boys' and Girls' Outfits, &c.

Correspondence solicited.

Samples and information free.

"SHOPPING GUIDE" mailed free on application.

COOPER & CONARD,

Ninth and Market Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please say where you saw this advertisement.

AGENTS WANTED.—A Rare Chance to make money rapidly, selling our new Book.

New York by Sunlight and Gaslight.

Showing up the New York of to-day, with its palaces, its crowded thoroughfares, its rushing elevated trains, its countless sights, its romance, its mystery, its dark crimes and terrible tragedies, its charities, and, in fact, every phase of life in the great city. Don't waste time selling slow books, but send for circulars giving full table of contents, terms to agents, etc. Prospectus now ready, and territory in great demand. Address DOUGLAS BROS.,

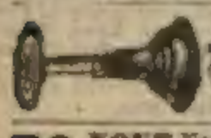
43 North Seventh St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mention this paper.

HEADQUARTERS for Chromos of all kinds, Oleograph, Easter, Birthday, Sunday-School and Holiday Cards, fringed or plain. J. Latham & Co., Importers, Manufacturers and Card Publishers, 922 Chestnut St., Philada., Pa.

Hires' Improved Root Beer,

Package 25cts. Makes 5 gallons of a delicious, effervescing and wholesome Drink. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25cts. Address CHARLES E. HIRES, 48 N. Del. Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.



Agents wanted, $5 a Day made selling our NEW HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES and FAMILY SCALE. Weighs up to 24 lbs. Sells at $1.50. DOMESTIC SCALE CO., Cincinnati, O.

70 YOUR Name in Handsome Script Type on Beautiful Chromo Cards, 10c. Latest Styles, Sentiment, Friendship, Scroll & Motto Series, 13 packs $1.00. Prompt returns. Royal Card Co., P. O. Box 21, Northford, Ct. **70**

Phonography, or Phonetic Shorthand.

Catalogue of works, with Phonographic Alphabet and Illustrations, for beginners, sent on application. Address BENN PITMAN, Cincinnati, O.

70 ALL NEW STYLE CHROMO Cards, beautiful designs, name on 10c. **50** Elegant new designs, the handsomest pack ever sold, name 10c, or $5 Extra large Chromos 10c. Garden Printing Co. Northford Ct.

AGENTS Can now grasp a fortune; outfit worth $10 free. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

50 LARGE HANDSOME CHROMO CARDS, name on 10c. New & Artistic designs, acknowledged best; pack sold. Album of Samples 10c. F. W. Austin, Fair Haven, Ct.

$30 Per Week can be made in any locality. Something entirely new for agents. $5 outfit free. G. W. INGRAHAM & CO., Boston, Mass.

40 Elegant Cards, all Chromo, Motto & Gilt, name in gold & jet 10c. West & Co., Westville, Ct.

AUTOMATIC ORGANS, ONLY $5.00. THEO. J. HARBACH, 809 Filbert St., Phila., Pa.

70 New or 50 beauties, no 2 alike, Chromo Cards with name 10c. E. D. Gilbert, P. M., Higganum, Ct.

75 Lovely FRENCH CHROMO Cards with name on 10c. Chas. Kay, New Haven, Ct.

80 SAMPLE CARDS, All New, name on 10c. Agts. outfit 6c. CARD WORKS, Birmingham, Conn.

40 Large Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name, 10c. Postpaid. G. I. REED & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

50 CARDS, Feather & Hand Series &c., in fancy case 10c. Samples 3c. Empire Card Co. Birmingham, Ct.

50 SUPERB Chromos, Rich and Rare designs, with name 10cents. Vann & Co., Fair Haven, Conn.

It Pays to sell our Rubber Printing stamps; samples free. J. M. Milton & Co. Cleveland, O.

(From *Andrews' American Queen.*)

CLEOPATRA,

ON THE

QUEEN OF SHEBA'S BEAUTY
IS BUT SKIN DEEP.

The renowned Queen of Sheba, with all her royal pomp, magnificent apparel, and brilliant retinue, would never have appeared within the presence of the grandest of the monarchs of the past, had she not also possessed that which is the crowning glory of the female person—a skin unchallenged for its Oriental softness and its almost transcendental purity. Cleopatra, holding emperors at bay, and ruling empires by her word, had quickly lost her charm and power by one attack of blotches, or of pimples, or of horrid tan and freckles.

WOMAN RULES THE WORLD

by her beauty, not less than by her purity of character, loveliness of disposition and unselfish devotion. Indeed, in the estimation of perhaps too many men, beauty in a body takes precedence over every other consideration. Beauty thus forms an important part of woman's "working capital," without which too many, (if not bankrupts in what relates to influence within the circle where they move), are powerless for great good. Hence we see not only the propriety but the duty of every lady preserving with zealous care that which to her is essential to success, and influence, and usefulness in life. And since "beauty is but skin deep," the utmost care and vigilance are required to guard it against the many ills that flesh is heir to. Among the great and annoying enemies of beauty,

OF EITHER SEX

as well as of comfort, happiness and health, are those pestiferous and horrid skin diseases—tetters, humors, eczema, (salt rheum,) rough and scaly eruptions, ulcers, pimples, and all diseases of the hair and scalp. For the cure of all these, Dr. C. W. Benson, of Baltimore, after years of patient study and investigation devoted to diseases of the skin, at last brought forth his celebrated SKIN CURE, which has already by its marvelous cures, established itself as *the* great remedy for all diseases of the skin, whatever be their names or character. Its success has been immense and unparalleled. All druggists have it. It is elegantly put up, two bottles in one package. Internal and external treatment. Price $1.00.

EVERYONE PRAISES.

Sick headache, nervous headache, neuralgia, nervousness, paralysis, dyspepsia, sleeplessness and brain diseases, positively cured by Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills. They contain no opium, quinine, or other harmful drug.

Sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cents per box, $1 for two, $2.50 for six, postage free.

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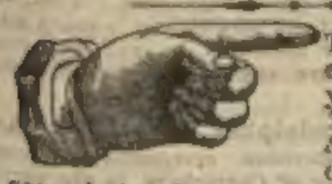

Those of our readers who have not yet sent for a cake of *The Frank Siddalls Soap* had better do so before the remarkably liberal offer is withdrawn. The Frank Siddalls Soap is destined to have an immense sale, and as we understand it is in contemplation to establish agencies for its sale all over the United States, our readers who desire to aid in the introduction of what is one of the most remarkable inventions of modern science, would do well to avail themselves of the offer. Persons must not send for more than one cake, and when sending for a cake must not send for any of their friends, the rule being that the one who wants the Soap sends for it.

—WAR. WAR.—

WAR ON THE WASH-BOILER. WAR ON FILTHY FUMES OF STEAM.

A GOD-SEND TO OVERWORKED HOUSEKEEPERS and SERVANT-GIRLS.

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IT HAS MADE A DOMESTIC REVOLUTION IN THOUSANDS OF HOMES.

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And the "POST" now has the pleasure of telling its readers about its being a Labor-saving Invention, destined to afford wonderful relief to over-worked women and servant-girls. It is as necessary to the comfort of the Rich as of the Poor. *The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes* is better and easier than the old way, and it will answer both for the finest laces and garments and the coarser clothing of the laboring-classes. It is a cheap Soap to use; and a few minutes' time on the part of a Housekeeper of ordinary intelligence is all that is necessary to show the washwoman how to use it, and every Housekeeper should *insist* on its being used *one time* EXACTLY BY THE DIRECTIONS.

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP and THE FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES never fails when the Soap falls into the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF REFINEMENT.

A person of Refinement will be glad to adopt an easy, clean, neat way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy, filthy way.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF INTELLIGENCE.

A person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in following directions which are so easy that a child could understand them.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF HONOR.

A person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to send for an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

HOW TO TELL A SENSIBLE PERSON.

A sensible person will not get mad when new and improved ways are brought to their notice, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

JUST THINK! NO STEAM TO SPOIL THE FURNITURE AND WALL-PAPER!

DONT FORGET TO TRY THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP FOR THE TOILET, THE BATH, AND FOR SHAVING. It agrees with the skin of the most delicate infant, and infants washed in this way will not get prickly heat and eruptions and sores, which other soap often causes. EVEN A PERSON OF ORDINARY INTELLIGENCE WILL KNOW FOR CERTAIN that the long-continued use of a Soap that is excellent for washing children CANNOT POSSIBLY INJURE THE MOST DELICATE ARTICLE WASHED WITH IT, no matter how quickly it may remove dirt.

☞ And remember, this Advertisement would not be inserted in this Paper if there was any humbug about it. ☜

HOW A LADY CAN GET THE SOAP TO TRY, where it is not Sold at the Stores.

1st.—Send 10 Cents in Money or Stamps.
2d.—Say in her letter she saw the advertisement in the "POST"
3d.—Promise that the Soap shall be used THE FIRST WASH-DAY after she gets it; that it shall be used ON THE WHOLE WASH, and that ALL THE DIRECTIONS, even the most trifling, shall be followed.

Those who send for a Cake must NOT send for any for their friends. Let each family who want the Soap send for themselves.

Make your Promises VERY PLAIN, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

Now by return mail a full-size 10-cent Cake of Soap will be sent, POSTAGE PREPAID. It will be put in a neat iron box, so as to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in postage-stamps have to be put on. This is done because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen out to sell to the Stores.

Of course, only one Cake will be sent to each person, but after trying it the Stores will then send for it to accommodate you, if you want it.

THE FRANK SIDDALLS IMPROVED WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

EASY AND LADYLIKE; SENSIBLE PERSONS FOLLOW THESE RULES EXACTLY, OR DONT BUY THE SOAP.

The Soap washes freely in Hard Water. Dont use Soda or Lye. Dont use Borax or Ammonia. Dont use any thing but THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP. It answers for the Finest Laces, Calico, Lawns, Blankets, Flannels, etc., and also for soiled clothing of Butchers, Blacksmiths, Mill Hands and Farmers.

A WASHBOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Heat the wash-water in the tea-kettle; the wash-water should only be lukewarm, and consequently a tea-kettle will answer for even a large wash. *Be sure to try the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how odd it may seem.* A wash-boiler standing unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some delicate ingredients that are in the Soap. Wash the white flannels with the other white pieces.

The less water that the clothes are put to soak in the better will be the result with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

FIRST.—Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the washboard and rub on the Soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so on until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour, *and let the Soap do its work.*

NEXT.—After soaking the full time commence by rubbing the clothes lightly on the washboard, and all the dirt will drop out; turn the clothes inside out so as to get at the seams, but DONT use any more Soap; DONT scald or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow; and DONT wash through TWO suds. If the wash-water gets entirely too dirty, dip some of it out and add a little clean water. All dirt can be readily got out in ONE suds. Any time the wash-water gets too cold to be comfortable, add enough water out of the tea-kettle to warm it.

NEXT comes the rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out, and is done as follows:—Wash each piece lightly on the washboard through the rinse-water, (without using any more Soap,) and see that all the dirty suds are got out. *Any smart housekeeper will know just how to do this.*

NEXT the blue-water, which can either be lukewarm or cold. Use scarcely any blueing, for this Soap takes the place of blueing. Stir a piece of the Soap in the blue-water until it gets decidedly soapy. Put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, wring them *and hang them out to dry without any more rinsing, and without scalding or boiling a single piece, no matter how soiled any of the pieces may be.*

Always make the blue-water soapy, *and the less blueing the better.* The clothes when dry will *not* smell of the Soap, but will smell as sweet as new, and will iron the easier, and will dry as white and sweet indoors as out in the air, and the clothes will look whiter the oftener they are washed this way. *Afterward wash the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces.*

☞ The starched pieces are to be starched exactly the same way as usual, *except that a small piece of the Soap dissolved in the starch is a wonderful improvement, and also makes the pieces iron much easier.*

Address all Letters: OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, No. 718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE month of April usually lifts the veil that still partially envelopes the coming fashions to which we all look forward with eagerness. Fashions are introduced, are rejected or are adopted within a limited circle, but do not appear to influence the general public until later on when the tide of fashion carries all along with it, except the few who either originate their own modes, or who avoid all pretensions to a fashionable appearance.

French industry desires nothing better than to display all its artistic wonders, for it has attained to the production of the most lovely fabrics of the Courts of Louis XIV. and Louis XV.

The fabrics are ivory and cream brocades, embroidered with many colored flowers and diamante beads, with which are made tabliers of skirts and plastrons of bodices. These fabrics make superb dresses, with Court trains of white satin, or else with a pale rose-colored or pale blue brocade as train, embroidered in gold beads and pearls; others have embroideries of marguerites, lilies, or azaleas upon a satin train, surrounded by gold lace and diamond-frosted feathers.

These are toilettes such as we read of in fairy tales, and they may rival with those woven with the sun's rays and moonbeams —such as were asked for as an impossibility by the Fair One with the Golden Locks. More serious are the black satin brocades, embroidered with jet flowers, the pistils of which extend from their chalices, and these form besides also very charming confections for visiting toilettes, bordered with feathers and frosted with jet.

The winter furs will be replaced in the spring by edging of feathers.

Real furs are always elegant and aristocratic, and fashionable ladies have worn, during the cold weather, dressing gowns of cream, rose, blue, and lilac satin, lined with real ermine; the lining forming an edge, and round the waist a cordeliere. Other indoor gowns are of royal blue velvet, wadded, and lined with rose or grenat satin, with an edging of chinchillis.

A famous elegante even wore a dressing gown entirely made of sealskin, lined with pale rose or pale blue satin, with rich trimmings of silk and lace.

Fashions, however expensive they appear at first sight, are not always so in the long run, when we can make use of part of a toilette from one season to another, for sometimes with one, two, or three dresses, a very handsome costume or dress for a grand dinner can be made.

A last season's moire dress, which we do not know what to do with, will make very pretty trimmings for a costume of Indian cachemire, and with an old satin skirt, where the breadths are not worn, may be made a deep tunic in the shape of a redingote which can be worn with any kind of skirt.

A clever and economical woman will spend one half less than another in following the fashions of the day, and at the same time be better dressed.

The advent of spring always brings some useful combination of wintry fabric with materials destined for summer weather; thus, fashion gives us a costume composed partly of silk velvet, and partly of broche satin merveilleux; the skirt is made of satin with a pleated ruche of satin at the edge, over the satin is a pointed relief tunic cut in sharp scollops simply corded by a plain satin passecal (or cross-way band laid on perfectly) under the corsage; paniers of broche satin are arranged in a double row of soft puffs.

The velvet corsage has lace revers opening over a satin plastron; the edge of the corsage has a wide gauging of satin heading the paniers. The tight sleeve has a turned back lace cuff.

The prevailing style for skirts at present is quite plain and straight, of some very rich material, plush striped with broche moire, plain velvet, moire, and plain plush edged with a wide ruche of satin, or a double pleated ruche of the same material as the skirt.

The corsages, worn with these skirts, have generally Louis XV. paniers, very long and very much ornamented, with a large moire bow behind. This style is newer than skirts covered with pleated flounces and lace, and is less trying to somewhat stout figures, if the paniers be made too voluminous, as the skirt hangs closely to the figure, and yet does not confine or cramp the limbs, and the thickly ruched edging adds to an appearance of slimness.

In fact, ruches of all varieties are again in vogue, and the new black silk costumes are nearly all trimmed with this useful and elegant garniture.

A dress had the skirt trimmed round with a satin ruche, and the paniers, with back puffs, were also of black satin, and the collar and sleeves were also of satin. From the waist, also, fell loops and ends of satin ribbon; these fell from beneath the paniers at the side.

Another costume in the same style was of velvet and cloth. The plain velvet skirt had a cloth ruching at the bottom. A long tunic of cloth formed a round apron in front, and was looped up into a puff at the back, with a velvet bow on each side. The bodice was of cloth, and had a deep collar, and pockets, and cuffs of velvet.

Still another, and, perhaps, still prettier dress, in the same style, was of watered silk. At the bottom of the skirt was a ruching of cloth, lined with watered silk. Then a square of the cloth was taken and cut in half on the cross, making like two three-cornered shawls.

Both of these pieces were lined with watered silk, and were made to form the front and back draperies of the skirt, by gathering in the longest side of the shawls into the waist from side to side, leaving about half a yard of each side of the shawls ungathered, and these fell open on each side, showing the watered silk lining beneath. Over this drapery came the usual scarf drapery, made of cloth, and looped up at the back with a wide bow of watered silk. The pointed cuirasse had collar and cuffs of watered silk.

Velvet is again restored to popularity as a trimming for thin woolen dresses but is not used as an elaborate combination as brocade has been, but more to accentuate the trimming, and forms the collar, cuffs, and facings, or the long vest which has again been revived and is a feature of the new spring styles. In a more elaborate way, velvet forms the panier scarf or a flat tablier front. A pale gray cashmere dress has copper red velvet for a Byron collar and a pointed vest that stops at the waist line; these are nearly covered with cashmere embroidery that has scalloped edges resting on the velvet.

The red velvet cuffs are similarly covered and the skirt with its six deep pleats in front and back, ends in embroidery that has red pleating beneath it.

A buff wool dress with bronze green chenille foliage embroidered upon it has bronze velvet in two great puffs on the hips, edging the basque, also for the Marie Antoinette collar, and in the fan-pleated bow at the back of the basque, with pleated drapings of velvet mingling with those of the wool.

Simpler dresses of corn French bunting or of cashmere are distinguished by a Byron collar of olive green velvet, also flat cuffs that turn upward and point outward, being slightly larger than the sleeves, and large square or crescent-shaped pockets on the side of the basque.

For light costumes for spring, French gray cloth is made up with a Louis Quatorze coat in which is a garnet velvet vest nearly covered with white mull embroidery in Irish point patterns, and this is also laid over the velvet collar, cuffs, and pockets.

I notice many costumes trimmed with moire, and others with watered silk, and that the most elegant of them, even when two or three materials are used, are only one color.

Thus a combination is made of velvet, cloth and moire, all a pretty shade of nut-brown. The skirt has a narrow cloth kilting, and above a very handsome ruche of moire, the rest of it being covered by the tunic.

This is an irregular one of cloth merely stitched at the edges, the fronts crossed, and one carried round in flat folds, and fixed under a very wide sash of velvet, which forms quite half the drapery behind. The bodice peaked in front and with square-cut coat basques behind is also made of the cloth, but opens over a vest of alternate folds of the two other materials, and the sleeves have very pretty cuffs to correspond.

Another handsome brown dress has a skirt of satin made quite plain with a narrow ruche at the bottom of the satin covered with velvet applique, and over this is a polonaise of cashmere, untrimmed, but with a prettily puffed waist-coat of satin with slashings of the same at the sleeves.

Fireside Chat.

NEEDLEWORK.

THE fashionable needlework of the moment is what is termed Russian embroidery, chiefly because it is executed upon flaxen canvas from designs in Germany. But the colors and the material (flourishing thread) are supposed to have some connection with Russia, and the cross stitch worked in colored designs upon towellings, and other linens certainly dates from Russia.

There are endless varieties of the designs for this pretty and certainly easy work, and such can be taken up and laid down without wronging a stitch, and which can be executed by the most inexperienced.

Another fashionable employment also needs no introduction, for it is executed on Japanese chintzes sold by Liberty & Co., 218, Regent Street, and merely consists of outlining the patterns with Japanese gold thread.

Of course some taste is required in working the centres of flowers, etc., but little skill is needed to complete work with most gorgeous and rich effect.

This work is used for the panels of screens for large hand screens, and in satin for fans. Also for the backs of cabinets, for table scarves, and for couvrettes and antimacassars, in short when artistic color is required where subdued brilliancy is appreciated, there Japanese embroidery should be found. Embroidery on plush is still in vogue; being quickly and effectively worked, it is not likely to lose its prestige at present.

Bead embroidery is a favorite pursuit with many ladies; the labor of making a complete set of ornaments is not to be lightly undertaken, but a quick worker will soon finish a waistcoat, collar with revers, and cuffs for the sleeves.

In doing this work the first thing is to trace the design on pink or yellow paper, and if detached ornaments are required they should all be traced once so that the designs may be all alike and the work need not be stopped to make fresh tracings. When the drawing is finished a tolerably stout and firm net is tacked over the paper and all the outlines of the design are edged with very thick silk, or very fine silk cord, sewed on to the net with long slip-stitches.

The beads are then put on, the petals of flowers and the leaves being filled in with long bugles or round beads, several beads being put on at once. At the edge of the design the needle is passed through the cord and the net, and the beads are put on in rows, backwards and forwards, like a darn.

If the work is firmly done there will be no fear of the edges giving way, and if a stronger background is required, satin lined with stiff muslin can be used, and the work executed in a frame.

Orange Fritters.—Stir half a pound of flour to half an ounce of butter, add the yolks of two eggs and milk enough to make a batter that will drop from a spoon. Beat thoroughly and add half a saltspoonful of salt and the whites of two eggs. Peel and cut oranges in thin round slices, using a very sharp knife. Dip the slices in sugar and then in the batter and fry in hot lard or clarified butter. Pineapple fritters may be made in the same way, cutting the slices of pineapple into triangular pieces and soaking them in wine if you wish.

Florida Orange Shortcake.—Put a pint and a half of flour into a sieve with a heaped teaspoonful of French cream tartar and half the quantity of soda. Add half a cup of butter. Rub the ingredients together till the butter and flour are thoroughly mixed. The success of the shortcake depends largely on this point. Now add quickly enough fresh milk to make a dough as soft as you can handle. Divide the dough into two even pieces, roll each out half an inch thick, rub both well with butter and place one above the other. Bake in a quick oven till well done. Take enough sweet Florida oranges (the rusty fruit is cheaper and just as good for this purpose), peel the fruit and with a very sharp knife cut it into thin round slices. Remove the seeds, cut each slice in quarters, separate the layers of shortcake as soon as they are baked, and strew them with oranges which have been well sprinkled with sugar. Pour over them any juice which may be left after slicing the oranges, and pile the layers together.

Orange Fool.—Mix the juice of three oranges, with three eggs well beaten, half a pint of cream, a little nutmeg and cinnamon, and finely-sifted white sugar to taste. The orange juice must be carefully strained. Set the whole over a slow fire, and stir it until it becomes about the thickness of melted butter; it must on no account be allowed to boil; then pour it into a dish for eating cold.

Orange Jelly.—Grate the rinds of two sweet oranges and two lemons; squeeze the juice of three of each and strain it. Take a quarter of a pound of lump sugar and quarter of a pint of water, and boil with the juice till it almost candies. Have ready a quart of jelly made with two ounces of isinglass; add the syrup to it and boil it up once, strain the jelly, and let it stand some little time to settle before it is poured into the mould.

Orange Cream.—Choose some large ripe oranges, squeeze the juice lightly out and strain it; break six eggs, beat up all the yolks with four of the whites and some finely-sifted loaf sugar; add the orange juice (there should be a pint), and beat all well together, adding a pound of finely-sifted sugar by degrees until all is mixed in; then set it over the fire, putting in half the peel of a Seville orange; stir it constantly, but always one way; let it remain on the fire until almost at boiling point, but do not allow it to boil. Take out the peel and pour the cream into a glass dish or into glasses ready to serve.

Grate the rind of an orange, add an oz. of fresh butter, 8oz. of pounded white sugar, beat in a marble morter, adding by degrees the yolks and whites of six eggs well beaten; scrape a raw apple and mix with the rest; line the bottom and sides of a dish with paste, pour in the orange mixture, and lay over it crossbars of paste. It will take half an hour to bake.

Correspondence.

UNDINE, (Troy, N. Y.)—About 1895.

A. W. B., (Gainesville, Ky.)—Address "Forest and Stream, New York, N. Y."

ETTA, (St. Louis, Mo.)—Try washing with, or steeping in, ammonia or strong lye.

C. J. W., (Lovelton, Pa.)—We do not know any parties who are in want of such material.

J. N. L., (Paina, La.)—We are sorry that we can give you no information as to the lady's whereabouts.

PHOTO, (Memphis, Tenn.)—If the ring is presented before marriage, the maiden's initials should be engraved, of course. The addition of "Miss" would be absurd, or at least unnecessary.

J. D. W., (Saltillo, Tex.)—2. We do not know any person to whom you can dispose of the names. 2. The engagement ring is placed on the first finger of the left hand, and the wedding ring on the third.

MATTIE A. A., (Portland, Mo.)—1. Address Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia, Pa., for the book. 2. For the second book inquire of Claxton & Co., this city.

MARY, (Pittsburg, Pa.)—Go by all means. The fact of his desiring you to act as bridesmaid to your future sister-in-law proves his desire for reconciliation. Anger is a bad counsellor, particularly where such near relatives are concerned.

R. E. T., (Tallahassee, Fla.)—1. A half-sister is a sister by the father's or mother's side only. A step-sister is the daughter of a step-father or mother by a former marriage. 2. We do not remember the poetry, and cannot tell.

G. K. C., (Wyoming, N. Y.)—Write to the Librarian of the Astor Library, New York, if he can tell you where and by whom it was published. This information may put you in the way of getting the book. Should it not be in the Astor Library, you might succeed if you applied to the Congressional Librarian at Washington.

G. D. N., (Northfield, Conn.)—1. The engagement ring is worn on the first or index finger of the left hand. 2. The bride stands on the groom's left hand. The groomsman stands on the groom's left hand. The bridesmaid on the bride's right hand. The groom places the ring on the bride's finger. 2. The third, next to the little finger, of the left hand.

G. G., (West, O.)—The couplet is from the "Sinngedichte," or "Thought Poems," of the German writer, Friederich von Logau, translated by Longfellow:

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all.

J. C., (Richland, Wis.)—The Janizaries were a famous body of Turkish troops. They were formed in the fourteenth century out of young Christians who were captured by the Turks and compelled to embrace Mohammedanism. Their numbers at one time reached a hundred thousand, and they were for a time the terror of Europe. They at last became demoralized, and made and unmade sultans, and held the Turkish Government at their mercy. Finally, in 1826, Mahmoud II., unable to tolerate their insufferable insolence, attacked the Janizaries with the rest of his troops, and after a desperate battle defeated them. He then pursued them with merciless severity, and the entire force was dissolved and disappeared.

JIMMY, (Norfolk, Mass.)—The fact that the dark lines and spots on the surface of the moon which are visible to the naked eye look somewhat like human outlines, seems to have suggested the idea of a man in the moon to the people of the earliest ages, and for thousands of years they were believed by the ignorant multitudes to be a man. Since astronomy has shown them to be the shadows of lunar mountains, all notion of their being a man has of course ceased to be entertained in enlightened countries. It is one of the most ancient superstitions in the world, that these shadows are in fact the figure of a man leaning on a fork, on which he carries a bundle of sticks—thorns or brush-wood—for stealing which on a Sunday he was imprisoned in the moon.

EMILY, (Chester, Pa.)—Frau Hulda is the personification of goodness, of plenty, of charitableness. In the German mythology she stands like an embodiment of Ceres and Flora. She visits the earth at the full of the moon, and blesses the corn, the vine, the cattle. She blesses the bride and the little children, and takes the liveliest interest in all that is good and pure on earth. She cares for the little birds in their nests, and the little fishes in the sea. She wanders through corn-fields and meadows and gardens. In the gardens the flowers send up homage to her in beautiful perfume, and the butterflies wake up to make obeisance. To behold her means the height of good fortune, but she seldom appears, although she makes her presence felt in the sweet, soft, perfumed night-wind.

ONOX, (Macon, Ga.)—There is no such animal to bite you during your sleep. The vampire is a fabulous creature, described as a person who, after death, leaves his tomb to disturb the living, appearing to them, making strange noises, and sometimes causing their death by sucking their blood. The ghoul is a creation of Arabian and Persian superstition, closely resembling the vampire, and is thought to have suggested the latter to Europeans. The vampire is believed in and feared in the eastern countries of Europe, especially Hungary. In some cases, when persons suspected of being vampires have died in those countries, their heads have been cut off, and their hearts taken out and burned, and a sharp stick driven through their bodies to prevent them from rising from the grave and annoying their living neighbors.

FRANK, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The "Anglo-American Bible Revision" movement took its origin in the Convocation of Canterbury, in the spring of 1870, by the appointment of a committee of eminent Biblical scholars to revise for public use the authorized English version of the Scriptures of 1611, with power to associate with them representative Biblical scholars of other Christian denominations using that version. The committee thus appointed secured the co-operation of many of the most eminent Biblical scholars in Great Britain and America, upwards of a hundred in all. Some of these have died and others have resigned, but upwards of seventy have devoted themselves to the work of revision. The object of this enterprise was to adapt King James' version of the Scriptures to the present state of the English language without changing the idiom and vocabulary, and to the present standard of Biblical scholarship, which has made very great advances since the year 1611.